Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

It is to be hoped the committee nominated at the Citizens' meeting held a week ago last night may find their duty a pleasant one. Surely nothing more delightful than the task apportioned to them could fall to the lot of anyone with patriotic impulses. The celebration of our national birthday should be undertaken with the energetic unanimity which should always characterize a patriotic community. Three years ago Toronto had an excellent celebration and the taxpayers and the special subscribers all felt that the city benefited thereby. Two years ago an attempt was made to extend the festival to three or four days, but owing to many circumstances unnecessary to mention the larger enterprise was not an unqualified success. This year a return to something like the original idea will doubtless merit the confidence of every citizen. A grand military event, the trooping of the school children and a grand turn-out of the citizens can easily be arranged for if the proper efforts are made by the committee and the City Council. One of the features which failed two years ago was the Jarvis street illuminations. An accident prevented this event being the most brilliant and successful affair ever attempted in Toronto. I believe the Jarvis street residents would be willing to do as much as they did before. The magnificent pavement unbroken by street car tracks is the finest promenade if cleared of vehicles, in this city. Bands and illuminations might make it brilliant beyond comparison with any other locality which could be named. A promenade concert in the evening, of this nature, would be a fitting termination of the day's enjoyment. Toronto is too large a city and the crowds which collect here are too great to hope for successful public speaking except in buildings. A committee of the newspaper men might be formed to write and have published in every city paper a patriotic address; prominent men throughout Canada might be asked to contribute to this idea, but public speaking alone would leave the main public to read on the day after the event, while the method I suggest would provide the material to stir the hearts of the whole people on the day itself. Several towns have made great preparations for a celebration, and it is to be hoped the movement will spread into every village, for surely Canada needs the awakening of all her patriotic impulses. We need this awakening to protect ourselves from the apathy which precedes the death of pure and independent political action. The most violent partisan must be aware that a sentiment more noble than the mere hope for the maintenance in power of his political friends must exist as a lively factor in the public mind, or partizanship will run mad. Those who are struggling for power and are irritated by the methods of those who succeed in defeating them, cannot find a better means of rediscovering themselves and rehabilitating their methods than by forgetting all else than Canada's good in celebrating the birthday of the country in which they live. The impulses of youth will be quickened and those who have not yet found a reason for belonging to either party but who are looking around them for an opportunity to do something for their mother country, will receive direction and encouragement. Surely for one day of the year we may meet on a common plane, be hopeful and happy and begin all over again with purified ideas and higher aspirations the pursuit of political ideals.

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Eight or ten years ago the Liberal party was much scandalized by the expression of a writer, now dead, who asserted that one of the Hon. Oliver Mowat's greatest ambitions was to become Sir Oliver. At the first opportunity my dead friend's assertion was proven correct. As compared with other men in public life Sir Oliver has done much to deserve the distinction of a title, if distinction is to be found in decorations of that sort. But it must be confessed that one already decorated with the title of "Christian politician" has shown an undue willingness to accept a purely secular prefix which he and his party had always held in such great disdain, but he probably has fears that future events may rob him of his "C. P." degree. Having been amongst those who have been unwilling to canonize Sir Oliver, I am neither "surprised" nor "pained," nor, in the language of the election address, do I "view with alarm" or "point with pride." It is exactly what I expected. The author of the Evidences of Christianity never was able to convince me that he had parted with that tooth which ached for the flesh pots of prominence and power. The premier who could be guilty of the act of nepotism which gave to his son the richest chrisvicarship in Ontario, has not belied his record in accepting a title rejected by such men as George Brown, Alexander Mackenzie and Edward Blake. They at least were true to the traditions of their party, though it may be doubted whether in other respects they were not sometimes untrue to the best interests of their country. The acceptance of a title by Mr. Cartwright did not strengthen him with his party, nor will Sir Oliver be as strong with the people to whom he owes his premiership as was the Hon. Mr. Mowat, who was supposed to be uplifted beyond the temptations of politics and the hunger for power said to characterize the carnal-minded Tories. This do be a wicked world, my friends. Sad, is it not, to see the mantling halo which once decorated the brow of a Liberal leader traded off for a scrap of ribbon and a petty title! Close the book of saints, for his name is no longer written therein; it has been transferred to Burke's Peerage. Pardon these tears! I weep, my countrymen, mostly because I have such a hysterical desire to laugh, and it becometh us not to laugh in meeting.

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More cheerful faces could not be imagined than assembled at the Executive Council of the Imperial Federation League this week. Everything seems to indicate that those things which the Liberal newspapers of Canada and the Cobdenites of England declared would never come to pass, are already in sight. Lord Salisbury's speech has quieted the Canadian annexationists, who well know that if preferential trade with England or that larger ideal of the Imperial Federationists, inter-Imperial preferential trade, can be brought about the "continental market" will be a meaningless term. Lord Salisbury's declaration was not the only comforting thing. All the correspondence was full of enthusiasm, and if the grand result anticipated—a result which will make populous the wheat fields of Canada and add to the population and prosperity of every British colony—is not achieved it will be because of the representatives of our Grit party in England and the complaints of our Grit party at home, for the trend of the world's business and the almost unanimous ideal of the world's statesmen point to either universal free trade or a universal protective tariff. If Lord Salisbury adheres to the policy he has already enunciated, there will not be a separatist in any colony or an annexationist in Canada. Not only selfish, but patriotic and loyal motives will make the proposed policy a success, and the success of such a policy will mean the cementing of the Empire into a grand whole, indivisible and enthusiastic, the first chapter in the grand drama of Anglo-Saxon unity, the conclusive proof that not only sentiment but self-interest should band the English speaking world into a power which shall make unimportant the armaments and policies of all those who speak a different tongue and spring from a different stock.

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While the policy of England has taken such an unexpected aspect—unexpected only to those who have not studied the problem of the empire and the necessary measures for its preservation—no thoughtful Canadian can forget that the Presidential campaign in the United States will be influenced by Lord Salisbury's declaration. That it was enunciated to terrify the McKinleyites would be foolish presumption; that it will be without its effect in the United States will be quite as vain an imagining. The Yankee farmer, whether he lives in Massachusetts or Oregon, knows that when England sees fit to fight either with gun boats, torpedoes or tariffs she can wreck the prosperity of the Union. No farmer in Minnesota desires to see his grain as it stands ripened in the field, worth five or ten cents a bushel less than the wheat of the Manitoba wheat-raiser. Nothing could possibly excite so great a discontent as the fact that the McKinley tariff while fostering and protecting Yankee manufacturers has brought down upon the agricultural element of the United States the wrathy and discriminatory tariff of Great Britain, a nation that consumes more than half of the entire exports of the Republic. No one who knows Lord Salisbury's magnificent ability as a diplomatist will imagine that he was unaware when he spoke, of the influence his words would have on that great tariff pirate of the earth, the United States. Discontent is already marking the Republic as the next examples of the idea that the world must be free trade or protectionist, and that the agriculturist has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the general prevalence of the free trade idea. I wish to accentuate the word "general." Locally, protection gives many advantages to the agriculturist, but where there is a world-wide policy free trade is the greatest bonanza he could find in statesmanship. The United States will not remain uninfluenced by Lord Salisbury's declaration, neither should we confuse ourselves by thinking that he was prompted by sentiment; we may be sure that his was the expression of English self-interest, no matter what it may mean to the balance of the earth. If adhered to it will mean everything in the maintenance and consolidation of the British Empire, and this appeals both to our self-interest and our sentiments. Englishmen have reason to embrace one another the world over that the leading statesman in the cradle of our race has seen the point and has come to the front in one of the greatest crises through which the Empire ever passed.

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It is an accepted fact that Toronto is not being honored this year by an exceptionally brilliant Council, but on all hands it must be admitted that some of the aldermen are much less brilliant than others. The latter class have been clamoring for the abolition of the tripartite agrement between the city and the C. P. R. and the G. T. R. with regard to a union station. The Grand Trunk has tired them out because of its attempts at exaction which have been vigorously fought by the Canadian Pacific. The result of the fight has been a disastrous delay in building a union station. Some of the aldermen when they get fidgety are willing to do anything, that some activity may be shown in civic matters. Action on the lines such as is proposed by Alderman Hallam would be most disastrous. The Grand Trunk can be made to fulfil their part of the contract. I may be wrong in supposing that they are making a factious fight. If our City Solicitor were any good I should have reason to suppose that he took such care in drawing or revising the agreement that the Grand Trunk might be forced to fulfil their part of the accepted proposal. But our City Solicitor is no good; he has apparently drawn nothing yet that would hold water but his salary. Even if the agreement be faulty Toronto can force the Grand Trunk to behave itself. The same citizens who fought for the preservation of the water front spend thousands of dollars every year on through freights. The Board of Trade can influence a vast volume of traffic; the citizens individually, all travel. Then why not boycott the Grand Trunk if it won't behave itself? I do not believe in the boycott except in extreme cases, but the fool policy that they are following, the dog in the manger attitude they have assumed, their entire ignorance of or contempt for Toronto's preferences demand radical treatment. If the daily newspapers did their duty they would call on the citizens to boycott the Grand Trunk—or the C. P. R. if they were the culprits—ask them to keep out of their trains and demand that the railroad which is willing to do its share be accorded the confidence of the public and the patronage of the business people, whichever road it may be, whatever question may be in the front. If the Grand Trunk acts the hog let it be treated like the hog; if it imagines Toronto cannot give it the worst of it let us give it a good square fight and see what it can do. This is not the headquarters of the Grand Trunk nor C. P. R. We have got the worst of it from both roads as far as freight rates are concerned, but the Canadian Pacific has shown a willingness to give us a union station. Let us always buy our tickets and send our freight according to the usage we get and we will have both roads hustling for this city. Torontonians want to fight for Toronto and pull the long ears of those who talk about throwing out an agreement that was only obtained after three years of hard fighting. We can make the railroads keep their agreements even if a chump solicitor cannot draw up something strong enough to protect the citizens from the pusillanimous selfishness of corporations which in hundreds of respects have shown themselves unworthy of public confidence or patronage. A boycott is the way to bring these litigious hold-backs to time. Of course many of their branches would have to be used, and we can remember with much pity for ourselves that these branches were built at the public expense. However, on through freights, through tickets, and in many local directions we can give either one of them the worst of it, and we should proceed to do it if they refuse to abandon the dog in the manger policy.

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I observe that the Street Railway Company, having in view no doubt a trifling saving in expense, have determined to run double lines of electric cars on King, Queen and Yonge streets. Are the people of Toronto aware of what they are about to get in this respect? We have decided upon rapid transit. For the past two years in connection with a business enterprise in which I have felt some interest, I have studied the question of electric motors and have been long convinced that the trolley is the only system promising decent results under the present knowledge possessed by electricians. I twice visited the Electric Exposition at Frankfort, Germany, and did not find a man there, or a well informed man elsewhere who had any idea that there was now or will be in the near years anything to compete with the trolley system. Admitting all this, it remains a fact that rapid transit on our crowded thoroughfares would at its inception be a dangerous experiment no matter how wide our streets were, how few the cars or what possibilities were at hand for the subjugation of excited horses. Yet the newspapers which have been shouting about the danger of the trolley system owing to the wires, have not remarked the greater danger growing out of rapid transit on double tracks placed on narrow streets. Why has not the *Telegram*, so fearful of the deadly wire, discovered the fact that two electric cars moving in opposite directions and meeting, possibly on the crossing of a street, will carve up horses and carriages and pedestrians in what may be termed an almost unavoidable manner? It would be a mistake for the business men located on the car streets of this city to permit rapid transit in opposite directions on crowded avenues. Nobody seems to have discovered the fact that when the transfer system so much clamored for has been brought to perfection, the principal streets will become the trunk lines of the electrical system. Permit me to prophesy that when transfers are thoroughly organized the citizen living in the suburb will have plenty of them; he will be dumped two or three times before he gets to his office or his work. The straight lines on Yonge, King and Queen will have poured into them the transfers of the minor lines, which will be run with a view to economy rather than convenience. Cars will shoot backwards and forwards, quick time will be made and it will not be a simple street car on the trunk lines, but a streak of cars, two, three, four, five, running at sight or ten miles an hour. Imagine trains of this sort meeting on King and Yonge streets! Why, Lord bless us, there could not be any vehicular traffic on the same street with them. Engineer Cunningham did his best to make the Council understand that it would be a dangerous experiment, but the Council don't seem to give a continental who gets hurt, except by the deadly wire which is strung overhead. This has frightened the heart out of them, but the deadly train of traction cars meeting one another, with drays and carriages on either side or trying to cross, has never impressed these Solons. I will frankly admit that SATURDAY NIGHT office and considerable of my mortgage-eaten and taxtorn property are on Adelaide street, and that a line of electric cars on that thoroughfare might seem to improve such a possession. With quite as much candor I may state that for selfish reasons I would rather see both lines on King street, because it will entirely ruin King street except for pedestrians. A man or woman will never feel safe on that street if two lines of cars running in opposite directions make it like a switch-yard. It will drive the trade away from King street. If the King and Yonge street merchants want to do business in a place as dangerous as the Esplanade they are welcome to it. The best retail stores will leave that locality inside of a twelvemonth. These storekeepers will perhaps have observed that the side streets have not been clamoring for belt lines. The side streets know they will get the benefit of it. I would rather own property on a street with no railway on it than on one as dangerous as a shunting yard. Justice demands that the danger be divided, and let it be remembered that the danger is not from the overhead wire but from the meeting of cars. The King street merchants are the chief supporters of the daily newspapers; the daily newspapers have been afraid to say anything concerning this matter lest they offend their patrons. Now let these gentlemen think of the matter for themselves and decide if their subservient journalistic friends are doing them a service, or by the conspiracy of silence are permitting them to be given the worst of it.

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Before the asphalt pavement is decided upon on these principal streets, and surely the residents understand that they cannot afford to have the streets torn up twice, we must decide the question of single or double tracks. In the matter of this pavement we are proceeding on the old lines and the merchants sometimes so shrewd, sometimes so penny-wise-and-pound-foolish, are demurring with regard to the trifling tax which will be inflicted upon them for a brand new and proper pavement. If residential streets can afford to pay for the best pavement surely business men on business streets where a good clean roadway means so much, can afford to pay for it. What they need to do is to see that the pavement shall not be made useless to them on account of rapid transit, if electric cars destroy it as a carriage street. Outside of this there is no question but that the pavement should be all put down at once. If we had wide streets like Chicago or some avenues of Philadelphia, or Broadway, New York, we might stand two railway tracks, but with the land stinginess which has characterized Toronto from the very beginning we have made narrow streets, refused to vote the trifle of money for squares and parks, and have acted as if every inch of land were worth a million dollars. Following this same old policy we will fight and wrangle over this thing until the streets will be torn up at Exhibition time. We always seem to arrange matters so as to impress the summer tourist and the visitor to the Exhibition with the idea that we are putting in our first gas pipes and we are so proud of it that we want strangers to see that we have got the hay crop off and are doing our fall ploughing. We have pursued this asinine policy so long that some of our public men seem to think it is clever. A merchant should not take fifteen minutes to decide what is clever in a matter of this sort. Anything that diverts the stranger from his door, anything that makes the street in front of his shop impassable, everything that detracts from the pleasantness and availableness of the thoroughfare on which he is situated means a loss of money, and a great loss of money which no reasonable taxation can furnish an excuse for. However, the business gentlemen of Toronto have perhaps more experience in this matter than I have, but I volunteer my advice with that cheerful alacrity which may mark me as one of those who know nothing about it.

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I was in Chicago last week. There is a town living on its wits; Toronto is a town living on its conscience! It must be admitted that Chicago is the more prosperous of the two and its policy is the more intelligent of the two. Considering its size it is not much more wicked than Toronto. It is what may be called a wolf-town; it lives on the stranger within and without its gates. It is the most favorable headquarters for the swindler of any place on earth, just as Toronto is one of the easiest victims of the swindler of any place on earth. It is a matter of opinion whether the prouder position is to be the victim or the swindler. As a rule the one is as deficient morally as the other when the scramble is to get something for nothing.

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Chicago is getting ready for the grand Columbian Exposition and their preparations are such as should frighten the ordinary tourist from attending the World's Fair. Near the grounds they are building temporary hotels costing two or three hundred thousand dollars, and expect to make the money out of

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR GEORGE A. KIRKPATRICK AND MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

the "woolly" traveler. If a man goes to Chicago to see the World's Fair and escapes with his life he will be in luck. There is no preparation lacking to prevent him escaping with a dollar. As a convention town Chicago has never been a success. Their rule has obviously been to take every cent that a man arrives with or can procure after his arrival. At the World's Fair a man expects to spend a little extra money and to pay high prices, but the visitor to Chicago in 1893 will have his eyes opened with respect to how much a man dare ask for daily bread and nightly shelter. It is to be hoped Toronto people will visit the World's Fair in large numbers. They are pretty good hands at clipping the wings of a stranger but they can learn tricks in Chicago unheard of up to the date of their visit.

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The Presidential campaign in the United States is waxing warm. As far as I can judge from the tone of the newspapers and the expression of everybody that I could engage in conversation, Harrison is not in it if Blaine wants the Republican nomination or will take it. Amongst Democrats it is astounding to find the great place Cleveland has made for himself in the United States as an honest and intelligent advocate of tariff reform. I hope Cleveland may get it, not because of Baby Ruth, over whom the newspapers make so much fuss, but because he is a man who from the first day of his entry into public life has been impressed by the responsibility of public office. He is one of the few men who seems to have a higher ideal in his morals and in his personal conduct when in a place of public trust than when in private life. This whole continent is sighing for men who have the well developed conscientiousness which makes them more honest when acting for others, more prudent, more industrious, more thoughtful when conducting public business than when conducting their own. In Canadian public life we sometimes observe a very different state of affairs. Office is sought for as a means of acquiring wealth, or place, or title, or power, and men of the highest moral standing seem to become corrupt when given charge of public business. The way Cleveland has fastened himself upon the Democracy of the United States, who forgetful of his tactless and sometimes inexcusable austerity follow him with praiseworthy fidelity, should prove to men of less brains and more diplomacy that after all an honest man is the noblest work of God and that he is not unappreciated here below.

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A pleasant indication that the cities on Lake Ontario begin to understand the possibilities of their position, is found in the request of Rochester, N. Y., made to the Board of Trade here in Toronto for co-operation in such large matters as ship canals and ship railways. It is to be hoped that Toronto will respond in a neighborly and businesslike manner. In this Conservative city we have pursued unwittingly the same policy as the Grit party in Canada; we have been imitators of Martha, who was much disturbed over small matters of housekeeping while forgetting the great things of the future. Let us enlarge ourselves, be hopeful for great things, be industrious and alert in creating a great future for ourselves. "The possibilities are great, not only in the line of achievement but in the matter of co-operation. We can obtain help from the most unexpected quarters if we are ambitious and enterprising. Without these things we shall be nothing but a country town located where a great city ought to be.

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I see that the Baptists have memorialized Premier Abbott on the Indian missions question. I confess to feeling considerable pride in the fact that the ground I took in denouncing state-aided missions is more than fully covered by what they have said. The Methodist clergymen in Hamilton have taken much the same stand and I shall be surprised if the Methodist church throughout Canada does not admit that the attitude of the delegation of their members requesting state aid, is indefensible. The Baptist memorial to Premier Abbott is one of the cleverest papers of the sort I ever read. It is not a mere complaint; it is a full and comprehensive statement of the whole case. It not only says the Government has adopted the wrong method, but it points out the right means of civilizing and educating the Indian. I can claim no credit for breaking new ground on this subject; I simply occupied the position two weeks ago which has always been the basis of the agitation against the union of church and state. But I do congratulate myself a little on having been the first move in what has developed into considerable agitation. It is also pleasant to have orthodox churches occasionally endorse views which at first blush have appeared to narrow-minded people an attack upon missionary work. I am as firmly convinced on all the questions of a religio-political sort upon which I have written, and I think time will demonstrate the justice and propriety of the views which I have urged, and urged strongly, because for years I have been alone in the press of Toronto in denouncing the arrogance of that prevalent and peculiar variety of clericalism which feels itself justified in stamping a man as a heathen and an outcast if he insists on common sense and the virtue of good citizenship being applied as tests of the measures proposed to force people to be good against their will. I imagine that Premier Abbott did not announce his intention of dividing Dominion aid amongst churches on a *per capita* basis without foreseeing the discussion which has arisen and which must necessarily delay if not defeat the raid which our missionary brethren were making upon Canada's treasury. He must know that he has no right to grant money to religious bodies when the very first principle of politics will make it impossible for the Government to properly audit the expenditure.

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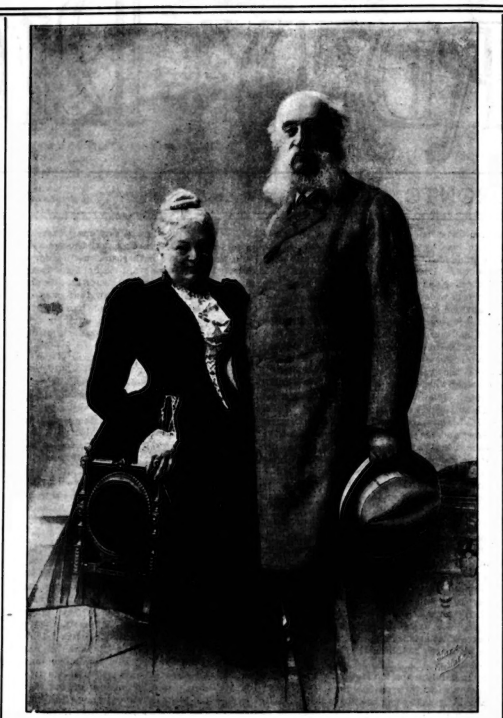
Following are the contributions to the Children's Fresh Air Fund:

Every Little Helps	$ .25
H. D. A., Collingwood	1 00
A Boy's Mother	1 00
Total	$2.25

What is the matter with the fund this year? Subscriptions are slow in coming in.

DON.



SIR DAVID AND LADY MACPHERSON.

The New Lieutenant-Governor.

It may be doubted whether our provincial system of government should not be simplified and made less expensive, but so long as the system remains as it is and the Lieutenant-Governor is politically but a figurehead, we expect of him the performance of social duties of an exacting and expensive sort. In selecting a man to fill the position it would be dangerous, however, to place in a position of even nominal power one of political inexperience, for a refusal to do that which he had no right to refuse to do, or a disposition to do that which our constitution places out of his prerogative would create disturbance of a most violent sort. On the other hand, the appointment of a man merely skilled in politics while devoid of that tact and those social qualities, would be an obvious mistake, though one not unfrequently made. The appointment of Hon. Geo. A. Kirkpatrick as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario is one with which the slightest fault can not be found. That he has so long represented Frontenac suggests that he knows how to endear himself to a community; his successful discharge of the semi-judicial office of Speaker of the House of Commons proves that as Lieutenant-Governor of this province he will decide righteously between the parties, and give no just cause of complaint to the dominant party, though his political sympathies run in an entirely opposite direction. Socially, his generous hospitality, his unfailing tact and untiring industry gave him a prominence in Ottawa second only to that of the Governor-General. His wife, who is a charming woman, as hostess at Government House will be an undoubted success. She is already thoroughly acquainted and popular with what is called society here in Toronto, for as the daughter of Sir David and Lady Macpherson she has already assisted in presiding over the most generous and brilliant hospitality of this city. Therefore socially and in every other respect this city and province have reason to congratulate themselves on the appointment of a gentleman so eminently suitable in every respect. If Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick came to reside in Toronto merely as a private citizen he and his wife would be warmly welcomed. Coming as he does to occupy the highest office in the gift of the Government, he can feel assured that the appointment of no other man, that the presence of no other mistress of Government House would give as much genuine satisfaction as has been given by the official announcement made last Monday morning.

The new Lieutenant-Governor, as we have said, has represented Frontenac for upwards of twenty years, has been instrumental in forwarding much important legislation and has been frequently mentioned for Cabinet vacancies. He was Speaker of the Commons from 1882 until 1888, is a retired Lieutenant-Colonel of the 47 Battalion, is President of the Dominion Rifle Association, a Queen's Counsel and included in the directorate of many large concerns, chief among which is the C. P. R. A man of ability, experience, means, social standing, such is the new Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Hon. George A. Kirkpatrick.

Social and Personal.

The ball given by the Victoria Club came off with due *eclat* on Friday of last week. The members of the club deserve all thanks from their guests, for a most delightful evening, and it was a thousand pities that so sad an event as the death of the Lieutenant-Governor, occurring just at the date of the ball, should have deprived the club of the honor of playing hosts to Lord and Lady Stanley, for whose welcome the ball was first gotten up. Their Excellencies left the races as soon as the news of the sad event at Government House reached them, and took the Wednesday morning train for Ottawa. Their absence undoubtedly robbed the ball of its most interesting feature, but spite of that it was more than delightful. The rink is such a splendidly spacious building, and one had room to dance galore on the immense dancing floor, new, clean and springy as could be. The guests were received by Major Cosby, assisted by Dr. Sprague and Mr. George McMurrich, at the left hand entrance and then passed on to the various rendezvous about the hall, which each bore a suggestive legend, such as bowls, tennis, etc. The whole scheme of decoration was evidently the work of an artistic and able committee, and transformed the ordinarily plain and unadorned building in a way which needed to be seen to be believed. The lights hung high under numberless drapes of old gold and crimson cloth, the various designs in gaslets twinkled merrily along the facade of the galleries and shed added lustre on the handsome scene below. A feature perhaps the most popular and novel of all was the Highland costume of the gallant 48th, who were things of beauty and joys forever, whether they stood grandly up to be admired or swung their kilties in the polka and the valse. They were immense, particularly the colonel and the major; many a hearty word of commendation followed Colonel Davidson's stalwart form from lips masculine and feminine as he moved majestically through the crowd, and never was a brighter welcome given than that which beamed in Major Cosby's face as he greeted the guests, just giving *carte blanche* for a good time to everyone. On the dais sat a group of magnificently dressed and stately ladies whose names carry weight in social circles. Mrs. Beatty, in a handsome green gown with diamonds glistening here and there; Mrs. Dawson, in yellow; Mrs. Hodgins, in red with jet trimmings. These deep-hued gowns were interspersed with some of paler shades; Mrs. Cosby's delicate and lustrous blue brocade with narrow single rows of rhinestone passementerie; Mrs. Wm. Hendrie's, of Hamilton, who also wore a pale blue brocaded satin. Toronto may well be proud of her matrons; they are as handsome and dignified a group as could be found the world over. Mrs. John Cawthra wore yellow silk and roses; Mrs. Sankey, gold-colored silk; Mrs. George Denison, white silk. These ladies danced in the quadrille of honor at the opening of the ball. It would be difficult to pick out any dress as the very prettiest, but decidedly the most *chic* and original was Miss Hall's of Sherbrooke, a canary yellow brocade with immense true-lover knots of purple ribbon; it was daring, becoming and immensely stylish. Mrs. Mc Andrew also wore a refreshingly novel gown of a peculiar coppery shade of rich silk cord with fringes of gold sequins and bizarre ornaments. Miss Hendrie had perhaps the sweetest frock, a very dainty satin and tulle of delicate mauve, with the French sleeves coming quite off the shoulder and down the arm, with a shoulder strap of faintly tinted pink flowers. It goes without saying that the four fair sisters, Mesdames Wright, Moffatt, Cameron and Gibson looked well. Mrs. Wright wore shell pink satin and gold passementerie; Mrs. Moffatt, turquoise blue and black; Mrs. Cameron, green brocade; and Mrs. Gibson, a pretty little frock of white, with blue ribbons, in which she looked about sixteen. A beautiful gown, worn by a beautiful woman, was Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne's pale pink, with voluminous *chiffon* frills *en bertha*. Mrs. Bristol's yellow *chiffon* admirably set off her sparkling brunette beauty. Mrs. Temple wore a Dresden china combination of delicate rose pink and turquoise blue. Miss Gussie Hodgins wore a mustard yellow gown, with moss green velvet trimmings. Mrs. Henry Duggan looked lovely in pale pink *crepon*. Miss Bolte wore white satin; Mrs. Jones of Brantford, *eau de Nile* silk, with roses; Mrs. Rutherford, black lace and old gold silk; Mrs. Miller, cream brocade, with fringe of grasses and catkins; Miss McCutcheon, a lovely white *moire*; Mrs. Hall, old rose silk; Mrs. Harry Patterson, white silk; Miss Hendrie, like her sister, looked extremely well in an elegant white and rose brocaded satin, with a large white bertha, edged with rose color; Mrs. James Crowther, a dainty, pale blue brocade; the Misses Beatty, mauve and white gowns, elegant and becoming. One of the most successful dresses was Mrs. Pemberton's, a broad black and white stripe, of perfect fit and form. Miss McLean of Masford looked well in a faint-colored pink gown. Miss Susie Jones was *piquante* and pretty in a fine black net, embroidered in pink. Miss Pope wore a pure white silk and embroidered *chiffon*. Miss Smith of Rosemont, pink and black brocade; Miss Montizambert, white silk and net; Mrs. Gordon, black, striped with mauve; Mrs. Janes, a rich fawn satin; Miss Louie Janes, canary yellow and blue; Miss Boulton, gray tulle and pink roses. Mrs. Fred Macqueen of Woodstock was in a severely simple rich white silk, her perfect figure and charming Greek face needing no ornament to ensure them distinction; Miss Bunting was bright and bonnie as usual, in a pure white frock; Miss Nellie Richardson looked sweet, in a cream white silk with fringes of buttercups; the Misses Seymour were in white; Miss Dixon, in pale green Miss Cawthra wore a pale tinted silk, with a wonderful ornamentation of oriental embroidery; Miss Fanny Small was charming in pale blue. But it was the rule to look well and the exceptions were not visible, at least I did not [see them. The orchestra had an immense place to fill with the sweet strains of the Lotus Eaters and the merry music of the irrepressible Wang. The supper, provided by Webb, was extremely tempting, though the frigidity of the marquee made hot bouillon more acceptable than strawberries and cream. I thought I had found the coldest canvas possible at the horse show, but the supper marquee was several degrees worse, at least the growns were several degrees lower and lighter! and so, with music and dance, and brave costumes and dainty gear, the season has closed. Society people were missed from the ball who had already taken their ways abroad. More are on the wing. Henceforth for months, these columns will breathe of the open air, the scent of flower shows, the shade of tennis parties, the record of comings and goings over moor and hill. June dances are purgatory, June dinners are worse. Let us away to the hills and the sea and the lakes! with a regretless farewell to the ballroom and the theater, for the out-door woos us with a brighter charm.

*

The appointment of Hon. George A. Kirkpatrick as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario is received with extreme satisfaction in social circles. It promises much, not only because of the popularity of the new Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, but because Sir David and Lady Macpherson will, in all probability, not go abroad, but will keep Chestnut Park open for the season. This example will likewise induce others to do the same and great social activity will result. Chestnut Park, prettily located at the head of Yonge street, is one of the finest properties in the city and the grounds are just now smiling their best. The new Lieutenant-Governor arrived from Ottawa Wednesday morning and was driven to Chestnut Park. A couple of hours later Sir Oliver Mowat and Commander Law, A. D. C waited upon him in their official capacities as Premier and Aide-de-Camp, and drove with him to Government House. The party also included Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Master Kirkpatrick, Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Sanks. Arriving at Government House it was found that a small but distinguished company had assembled, chiefly gentlemen connected with the Government. I noticed Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Sir Thomas Galt, Sir Casimir Gzowski, Capt. Greville Harston, Hon. Richard Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout and others. In the drawing-room Commander Law read Her Majesty's commission, the Vice-Regal instructions and the certificate of the Clerk of the Privy Council and the installation was over. Sir Oliver Mowat advanced and welcomed the new official head of the Province and then others followed, His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick displaying an easy cordiality throughout. Afterwards His Honor and party returned to Sir David Macpherson's residence, which will really be headquarters for a period, pending certain alterations at Government House. An official reception will be held at the latter place in the course of a fortnight, perhaps, although the date has not yet been decided.

*

In spite of the hot weather on Wednesday a large number of fashionable people attended Mrs. Hugh Macdonald's afternoon tea. Among those present were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. and Miss McKay, the Misses Michie, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, Messrs. Sidney Green, Wyatt and Capt. McGee.

*

Mrs. Macdonald of St. George street gave a most enjoyable euchre party on Wednesday evening.

*

The last race day crowned the spring meeting with success. More lovely gowns, more lovely women, more lovely weather never graced the Woodbine than were on *evidence* on last Saturday afternoon. The golden sunlit air echoed with merry laughter and silvery tones. It was a pretty sight, and one looks back on it with a smile of satisfaction. Some

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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A Man's Fashion Letter.

PEOPLE are fond of saying that men don't notice women's clothes. They *do!* Not in the knowing and shoppy way we dissect each other, but with keen sense of harmony and fitness. Here is what a real live man wrote last week about women's dresses and fashions: "There are very few pretty dresses to be seen here just now, painfully few. The costumes of to-day are striking, if you like, even grotesque, but rarely beautiful. There appears to be a lack of inspiration among *modistes*, in inverse ratio to their rapidly increasing numbers. New fashions must be designed, I suppose, or ladies would go on wearing their old gowns; inspiration cannot be forced, therefore the result is absurd. Of course there are exceptions. I have seen several costumes here that are simply charming: but these are of the simple order—in accordance with my rather severe ideas on women's dress—and not essentially French.

•

"It was one rather cold day when I saw two excellent costumes. One was worn by a tall woman, handsome and not slight. It consisted as far as I could see—of course, I'm only a man, and can't guess what the bodice was like—of a skirt made of dark green smooth cloth, perfectly plain but for four rows of broad black braid round the bottom. Over this was a cape of precisely the same material, reaching not quite to the knees; this had braid round the bottom also; and several little capes on the shoulders, like cabmen have. This is only my masculine way of putting it, of course; I don't know your technical terms, but you will understand what I mean. The hat worn with this plain but handsome costume was a large black flat one; the brim bent more or less; there were no strings.

•

"The other pedestrian who attracted my attention was an entirely different kind of lady. She was of the *petite* style, and pretty. She wore a skirt of green silk, rather daring, but justified in this case, with an edging of fur. She also wore a short loose jacket, made of dark gray stuff, with a rather broad collar (the same material as the jacket—not velvet) and single-breasted, the buttons being hidden in a slit: again I am ignorant of the technical term. The hat that went with this was the best I have seen for some time. It was also of the "large, flat, black" order; but was relieved and greatly improved by a border of cowslips arranged round the extreme edge of the brim. There was some material, very little, I remember, draped round the crown, out of which rose up, to a modest height only, a jet conical erection like the roof of a pagoda.

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"If masculine expressions are of any use to you in unravelling my descriptions I will give you the remarks that the appearance of the above mentioned ladies elicited. As the dark green one swept by with dignified bearing and swaying skirt and cape, the man I stood talking to looked at once *intrigue* and remarked: 'A fine woman, wasn't she?' When the little bright green one came tripping along, with skirt up and vivacious expression, he muttered, 'Here's a smart little woman!' They were really two very good types, and difficult to find.

•

"I saw a very fine ball-dress the other evening. I don't know if it would suit all styles of beauty, but on this occasion it was very well chosen. The dress was made of cream corded silk, trimmed—a very rich, handsome material. They told me what it was called, but I forget the name. I think it was either *pouil de soie* or Irish poplin—anyway, it looked very well. It was cut square, I think, and trimmed, as to the neck, and what, for the sake of argument, I must term sleeves, and the edge of the skirt, which had a tremendously long train, with narrow beaver. The wearer was a little dark woman, very pretty, and with wonderfully changing expression. She also had on a necklet, consisting of a single row of diamonds, splendidly matched, and very brilliant.

•

"I want to enter as earnest a protest as possible against the coats (called sack) that women are having made. I think they are absurd. The original idea of a loose coat is perfectly good and sane; I would be the last to dissuade a woman from wearing anything loose, the tendency is so alarmingly in the other direction; but the development of the idea in one or two directions is simply preposterous. A compromise must always be a failure; therefore the man or woman who designed the bastard creation that I saw only last week should be allowed to retire from business on terms. It was a jacket of fair length, and from the front you would say it was a fitting garment; but behind—oh, horror!—there were two hideous insertions—I suppose you would call them—let into the back, narrow at the top, but getting quite wide as they reached the bottom of the coat. I never saw anything so absolutely unlovely.

•

"I also maintain that it is quite wrong for ladies to wear loose coats of box-cloth, with pearl buttons, in town. Such a coat is essentially a driving-coat, and is unpardonable off the box. Even then it may only be worn, I should say, by some lady who is known to be a first-rate 'whip,' on the same system that no lady wears pink in the hunting-field unless she is admitted to be one of the very best. A loose coat of plain stuff is in itself sufficiently striking (by reason of its shape), but correct: the embellishments I refer to are impossible."

LA MODE.

Maiden Meditation.

"So the cook is going to leave," said the husband.

"I don't know. I discharged her to-day, and she said she would think it over."

The Man for Him.

Railroad President—I have long observed your sterling integrity and your conscientious regard for truth, and I shall now advance you to an important post, in which we are obliged to trust entirely to a man's honesty to place our funds where we want them instead of putting the money in his own pocket.

Conscientious Youth—You will find me trustworthy, sir. What am I to do?

Railroad President—Take this bag of greenbacks to the state capitol and buy votes.

The Bothersome Q. O. R.

DEAR DON—What a nuisance the annual trip is to the mothers and sisters of the Queen's Own! This is the way it begins: On the Wednesday evening before the Queen's birthday the Q. O. R. are detained very late at the drill shed; knapsacks, haversacks, and so on, are served out to them. About midnight my two brothers came clattering in; they deposited two horribly dusty, musty-smelling knapsacks on the kitchen floor, and tossed their boots and leggings into a corner. Speaking of leggings, a friend of mine once told me she liked the Q. O. R. dress all but the way they had of tucking their trowsers into their boots!

One of my brothers is a color-sergeant (colonel-sergeant, one of my girl friends called him the other day. I giggled). My other brother is just a private yet.

Friday evening they scrambled for the kitchen sink before Mary had time to wash the dinner dishes. Jim, the private, got there first, and for fear Tom would get his place he made me bring his knapsack to him. Then he took the nice little brush Mary keeps specially for the bread trenchers and scrubbed that dirty leather thing with it, and dried it with clean dish-towels! Ugh, how they looked and smelled after it! While Tom was going through the same performance, by the way, he found in his a sticky spoon between the wooden frame and the leather. Jim went up to my boot-box and took out my shoe polish and used nearly all of it on that great wet thing. Tom finished the bottle, and of course they will never think of getting me more.

I mustn't forget to say that after they finished cleaning the knapsacks they asked Mary for a scrubbing brush to clean up the sink boards. They cleaned the remaining paint off and made the boards lovely and white, but you should see the horrid black splashes on the pretty green walls and the woodwork. Mary's face had a look of sufferance.

On Saturday evening I had to put up their lunches.

"Be sure, Aggie dear, to give them plenty of beef sandwiches," said mother.

In a little while she came again, "Here is the cheese, Jimmy is so fond of cheese." By and by she came back, "Put in this Christmas cake and some short-bread, dear, it is substantial and won't spoil. Tom is very fond of short-bread." Just as I finished putting it all up in a big old napkin that they could throw away, Tom came along.

"By the Lord Harry! Do you want us to feed the battalion? Take out half of that."

"Very well," I responded meekly. He went away and Jim came in.

"Jiminy Crickety!" such was his language. "Do you want to starve us? Mother, Ag. has put up a lunch for us two that I could put in my eye."

"Tom made me take it out."

Then mother and Tom came in. Tom said, "It does look rather small. You may put in some more"—magnanimously!

I brought out the despised half. Jim helped me pile it up. "Likewise the cheese, also the biscuits, not forgetting the cake, and a good stack of sandwiches to begin on. Now come and help me fold that coat. Tom has to shave."

I went into the parlor, oh me! such a room, and folded and punched and knelt on a gigantic Mother Hubbard overcoat until my knees and fists were sore. Meanwhile, mother vibrated between the boys' room and the parlor, using her utmost persuasion to induce them to take some of the flannels she had over her arm.

We had roast beef for dinner. I know because I ordered it myself from the butcher boy in the morning; but I don't remember anything else about the meal!

Goodness me! how men need to be waited on! I had to stand on a chair to button Tom's shoulder flap over his sergeant's cross belt and punch his shoulders into his knapsack straps and then fix Jim up! Then they kissed me and hugged mother until her pretty gray curls were all awry and her eye glass slipped down her neck under her collar! Finally they tumped out of the front door, slammed it, and our four dogs howled in chorus because they couldn't go too.

I sat down on the parlor floor to get breath. "Thank goodness it's over for a year!"

Mother was peering out of the window. "The dear boys! I hope they'll catch a car. I hope they'll not take cold. Bless their hearts one and all! I do hope it won't rain while they are there. Dear me! I'm sorry for the mothers that are not as sure of their boys as I am of mine."

She turned around looking a little as she did the day "the boys" came home from the North-West. Tom was there.

Shall I ever forget the insane look of her bonnet that day? Never. She had to keep her handkerchief tucked under her waist belt to be handy when she needed to wipe her eyes—pockets are hard to find.

A father doesn't "count" in our house with us three. That is—we have done without one for twenty years. Tom can remember him. Jim and I don't. I don't know anything that "counts" in our mercies like a good mother. And isn't the annual trip botheresome!

SISTER "AG."

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Ladies' Black Parasols, black and fancy handles in "Gloria," 75c., 85c., $1, $1.25, $1.50.

Ladies' Long-handled Parasols, with fancy and black handles, $1, $1 50, $1 75, $2, $2 50.

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A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER X.

As Bathurst brought his story to its conclusion the doctor rose and placed his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"I certainly should not think of blaming you, Bathurst. What you tell me is indeed a terrible misfortune, situated as we may be soon, though I trust and believe that all this talk about the Sepoys is moonshine. I own that I am surprised at your story, for I should have said from my knowledge of you that though, as I could perceive, of a nervous temperament, you were likely to be cool and collected in danger. But certainly your failing is no fault of your own."

"That is but a small consolation to me, doctor. Men do not ask why and wherefore, they simply point their fingers of scorn at a coward. The misfortune is that I am here. I might have lived a hundred lives in England and never once had occasion to face danger, and I thought that I should have been equally secure as an Indian civilian. Now this trouble is coming upon us."

"Why don't you take your leave, lad? You have been out seven years now without a day's relaxation, except, indeed, the three days you were over with me at Cawnpore. Why not apply for a year's leave? You have a good excuse too; you did not go home at the death of your father two years ago, and could very well plead urgent family affairs requiring your presence in England."

"No, I will not do that, doctor; I will not run away from danger again. You understand me, I have not the least fear of the danger; I in no way hold to my life; I do not think I am afraid of physical pain. It seems to me that I could undertake any desperate service; I dread it simply because I know that when the din of battle begins my body will be master my mind, and that I shall be as I was at Chillianwalla, completely paralyzed. You wondered tonight why that jaggier should have exhibited fears seldom or almost never shown to Europeans! He did it to please me. I saved his daughter's life—that is between ourselves, doctor, and is to go no farther. But, riding in from Narkeet, I heard a cry, and, riding on, came upon the man-eater you shot the other day, standing over the girl, with her father half beside himself gesticulating in front of him. I jumped off and attacked the brute with my heavy hunting whip, and he was so completely astonished that he turned tail and bolted."

"The deuce he did," the doctor exclaimed, "and yet you talk of being a coward!"

"No, I do not say that I am, I feel and generally; as long as I have to confront danger without noise I believe I could do as well as most men."

"But why didn't you mention this business with the tiger, Bathurst?"

"Because, in the first place, it was the work of a mere passing impulse; and in the second, because I should have gained credit for being what I am not—a brave man. It will be bad enough when the truth becomes known, but it would be all the worse if I had been trading on a false reputation; therefore I particularly charged Rajub to say nothing about the affair to anyone."

"Well, putting this for a time aside, Bathurst, what do you think of this curious scene, you and I and Miss Hannay disguised as natives?"

"Taking it with the one I saw of the attack of Sepoys upon a house, it looks to me, doctor, as if there would be a mutiny, and that that mutiny would be attended with partial success, and that a portion of the regiments, at any rate, will escape, and that Miss Hannay will be traveling down the country, perhaps to Cawnpore, in your charge, and that I shall somehow shall be with you, perhaps acting as guide."

"It may possibly be that," the doctor agreed. "It is at any rate very curious. I wonder whether Miss Hannay recognized herself in the disguise."

"I should hope not, doctor; if it all comes true there will be enough for her to bear without looking forward to that. I should be glad if the detachment were ordered back to Cawnpore."

"Well, I should not have thought that, Bathurst."

"I know what you mean, doctor, but it is for that reason I wish they were gone. I believe now that you insisted on my coming down to spend those three days with you at Cawnpore specially that I might meet her."

"That is so, Bathurst. I like her so much that I should be very sorry to see her throw herself away upon some empty-headed fool. I like her greatly, and I was convinced that you were just the man to make her happy, and as I knew that you had good prospects in the army, I thought it would be a capital match for her, although you are but a young civilian, and I own that of late I have thought things were going on very well."

"Perhaps it might have been so, doctor, had it not been for this coming trouble, which, if our fears are realized, will entirely put an end even to the possibility of what you are talking about. I shall be shown to be a coward, and I shall do my best to put myself in the way of being killed. I would not like to blow my brains out, but if the worst comes to the worst, I will do that rather than go on living after I have again disgraced myself."

"You look at it too seriously, Bathurst."

"Not a bit of it, doctor, and you know it."

"But if the Sepoys rise, Bathurst, why should they harm their officers? They may be discontented, they may have a grievance against the government, they may refuse to obey orders and many disband, but why on earth should they attack men who have always been kind to them, who have fought side by side in battle, and against whom they have not as much as a shadow of complaint?"

"I hope it may be so most sincerely," Bathurst said; "but one never can say, and I can hardly bring myself to believe that they will attack the officers, much less injure women and children. Still, I have a most uneasy foreboding of evil."

"You have heard nothing from the natives as to any coming trouble?"

"Nothing at all, doctor, and I am convinced that nothing is known among them, or at any rate by the great bulk of them. Only one person has ever said a word to me that would indicate a knowledge of coming trouble, and that was this jaggier that we saw to-night. I thought nothing of his words at the time. That picture he showed me of the attack by Sepoys first gave me an idea that his words might mean something, but I should not have heard much more of this discontent, and I am convinced now that the words had a meaning; they were simple enough. It was merely his exclamation, two or three times repeated, that he would be ready to repay the service I had rendered him with his life. It might have been a mere phrase, and so I thought at the time. But I think now he had before him the possibility of some event occurring in which he might be able to repay the service I had rendered him."

"There may have been something in it and there may not," the doctor said, "but, at any rate, Bathurst, he ought to be a potent ally. There doesn't seem any limit to his powers, and he might, for aught one knows, be able to convey you away as he did his daughter."

"The doctor spoke lightly and then added, "But seriously, the man might be of service. These jaggiers are among people of all classes. They are like the troubadors of the middle ages, welcomed everywhere; and they no doubt have every opportunity of learning what is going on, and it may be that he will be able to give you timely warning should there be any trouble at hand."

"That is possible enough," Bathurst agreed. "Well, doctor, I shall be on horseback at six, so it is time for me to turn in," and, taking his hat, he walked across to his own bungalow.

The doctor sat for some time smoking, before he turned into bed. He had, as he had said, heard rumors when Bathurst first came out that he had shown the white feather, but he had paid little attention to it at the time. They had been together in the first action he saw when Bathurst was appointed when he came out, and he had come to like him greatly, but his evident disinclination to join in any sortie, his absorption in his work, and a certain air of gravity unnatural in a young man of twenty, had puzzled him. He had at the time come to the conclusion that he must have had some unfortunate love affair, or have got into some very serious trouble at home. In time that impression had worn off. A young man speedily recovers from a blow, however heavy, but no change had taken place in Bathurst, and the doctor had in the interim come to attribute to his manner that he had ceased to wonder over it. Now it was all explained. He sat thinking over it deeply for an hour and then laid down his pipe.

"It is a terrible pity he came out here," he said. "Of course it is not his fault in the slightest degree. One might as well blame a man for being born a hunchback; but if there should be a row out here it will be terrible for him. I can understand his feelings well enough. If I were placed as he is, and were called upon to fight, I should take a dose of prussic acid at once. He has no doubt been bullied for it, but we are little better than savages in our instincts. Courage is an almost useless virtue in a civilized community, but it is called for and despised in a man in whom it is wanting just as heartily as our tattooed ancestors did. Of course, in him it is a purely constitutional failing, and I have no doubt he would be as brave as a lion in any other circumstances; in fact, the incident of his attacking the tiger with that whip of his shows that he is one; and yet, if he should fall when the lives of women are at stake, it would be a kindness to give him that dose of prussic acid, especially as Isobel Hannay is out here. That is the hardest part of it to him, I can see."

Three days later the force at Deennugghur was increased by the arrival of a troop of native cavalry, under a Captain Forster, who had just returned from leave in England.

"Do you know Captain Forster, doctor?" Isobel Hannay asked on the afternoon of his arrival. "Uncle tells me he is coming to dinner."

"Then you must look after your heart, my dear. He is one of the best looking fellows out here, a dashing soldier, and a devoted servant of the fair sex."

"You don't like him, doctor," Isobel said quietly.

"I have not said so, my dear—far from it. I think he is said a good deal for him."

"Yes, but you don't like him, doctor. Why is that?"

"I suppose because he is not my sort of man," the doctor said. "I have not seen him since his regiment and ours were at Delhi together, and we did not see much of each other then. Our tastes did not lie in the same direction."

"Well, I know what your tastes are, doctor; what are his?"

"I will leave you to find out, my dear. He is all I told you—a very handsome man, with, as is perhaps natural, a very good opinion of himself, and he distinguished himself more than once in the Punjab by acts of personal gallantry. I have no doubt he thinks it an awful nuisance coming to a quiet little station like this, and he will probably try to write away his time by making himself very agreeable to you. But I don't think you need quite believe all that he says."

"I have long ago got over the weakness of believing people's flattery, doctor. However, now you have forewarned me I am forearmed."

The doctor hesitated and then said gravely: "It is not my habit to speak ill of people, my dear. You do me the justice to believe that?"

"I am sure it is not, doctor."

"Well, child, in a station like this you must see a good deal of this man. He is a man who has won many hearts, and thrown them away. Don't let him win yours. He is not a good man; he has been mixed up in several grave scandals; he has been the cause of more than one young man at cards and billiards; he is in all respects a dangerous man. Anatomically I suppose he has a heart, morally he has not a vestige of one. Whatever you do, child, don't let him make you like him."

"I don't think there is much fear of that, doctor, after what you have said," she replied with a quiet smile, "and I am obliged to you indeed for warning me."

"I hope I am an old fool for meddling, but you know, my dear, I feel a sort of personal relationship to you, after your having been in my house for six months. I don't know a single man in all India whom I would not rather see you fall in love with than with Captain Forster."

"I thought uncle did not seem particularly pleased when he came in to tiffin, and said there was a new arrival."

"You would think not," the doctor said; "the man is notoriously a dangerous fellow, and yet as he has never actually out-stepped what are considered the bounds which constitute an officer and a gentleman, he has retained his commission, but it has been a pretty close shave more or less. Your uncle knows about all about him, everyone does; but I don't suppose the major will open his mouth to you on the subject. He is one of those chivalrous sort of men, who never think evil of anyone, and he is absolutely obliged to; but in a case like this I think he is wrong at any rate. I have done what I consider to be my duty in the matter. Now the matter is in your hands. I am glad to see that you are looking quite yourself again, and have got over your faintness of the other night. I quite expected to be sent for professionally the next morning."

"Oh, yes; I have quite got over it, doctor; I can't think what took me so silly as to faint. I never did such a thing before, but it was so strange and mysterious that I felt quite bewildered, and the picture quite frightened me, but I don't know why. This is the first chance I have had since of speaking to you alone. Do you think it would have been better if you had been dressed up as a native? and why should—?" She stopped with a heightened color on her cheeks.

"You and Bathurst be dressed up, too? So you noticed your own likeness! Nobody else but Bathurst and myself recognized the two figures that came out of the wood."

"Oh, you saw it too, doctor! I thought I might have been mistaken, for, besides being stained, the face was all obscured somehow. Neither uncle, nor Mrs. Hunter, nor the girls, nor anyone else I have spoken to seems to have had an idea of it, though they all recognized you. What could it mean?"

"I have not the slightest idea in the world," the doctor said; "very likely it meant nothing. I certainly should not think any more about it; these jugglers' tricks are curious and unaccountable; but it is no use our worrying ourselves about them. May be we are all going to get up private theatricals some day and perform an Indian drama. I have never taken any part in tomfooleries of that sort so far, but there is no saying what I may come to."

"Are you going to dine here, doctor?"

"No, my dear; the major asked me to come in, but I declined; I told him frankly that I did not like Forster, and that the less I saw of him the better I should be pleased."

The other guests turned out to be Captain and Mrs. Doolan and Mr. Congreave, one of the civilians at the station. The Doolans arrived first.

"You have not seen Captain Forster yet, Isobel," Mrs. Doolan said, as they sat down for a chat together. "I met him at Delhi soon after I came out. He is quite my *beau ideal* of a soldier in appearance, but I don't think he is nice, Isobel. I have heard all sorts of stories about him."

"Is that meant as a warning for me, Mrs. Doolan?" Isobel asked, smiling.

"Well, yes, I think it is, if you don't mind my giving you one. There are some men one can flirt with as much as one likes, and there are some men one can't; he is one of the last sort. Privately, my dear, I don't mind telling you that at one time I did flirt with him—I had been accustomed to flirt in Ireland; we all flirt there, and mean nothing by it—but I had to give it up very suddenly. It wouldn't do, my dear, at all; his ideas of flirtation differed utterly from mine. I fancy I was playing with fire and was fortunate in getting off without singeing my wings, which is more than a good many others would have done."

"He must be a horrid sort of man," Isobel said indignantly.

Mrs. Doolan laughed. "I don't think you will think him so, certainly that is not the general opinion of women. However, you will see him for yourself in a few minutes."

Isobel did not feel any great curiosity when Captain Forster was announced, and at once admitted to herself that the doctor's report as to his person was tolerably fully justified. He stood over six feet high, with a powerful frame, and an easy careless bearing; his hair was cut rather close, he wore a long waxy mustache, his eyes were dark, his teeth very white and perfect.

A momentary look of surprise came across his face as his eyes fell on Isobel.

"I had hardly expected," he said, as the major introduced him to her, "to find no less than three unmarried ladies at Deennugghur. I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Miss Hunters this afternoon. How do you do, Mrs. Doolan? I think it is four years since I had the pleasure of knowing you at Delhi."

"I believe that is the number, Captain Forster."

"It seems a very long time to me," he said.

"I thought you would say that," she laughed. "It was quite the proper thing to say, Captain Forster; but I dare say it does seem longer to you than it does to me, as you have been home since."

"Yes and here," the major broke in. "Captain Forster, will you take my place in?"

"I suppose you find this very dull after Cawnpore, Miss Hannay!" Captain Forster asked.

"Indeed, I do not," Isobel said. "I like it better here, everything is sociable and pleasant, while at Cawnpore there was much more formality. Of course, there were lo's of dinner parties, but I don't care for large dinner parties at all, it is so hot and they last such a time. I think it is quite large enough. Then there is a general talk and everyone can join in just as much as they like, while at a large dinner, you have to rely entirely upon one person, and I think it is very hard work having to talk for an hour and a half to a stranger of whom you know nothing. Don't you agree with me?"

"Entirely, Miss Hannay. I am a pretty good hand at talking but at times I have found it very hard work, I can assure you, especially when you take down a stranger to dinner, and so that you have no mutual acquaintance to pull to pieces."

The dinner was bright and pleasant and when the evening was over Isobel said to her uncle, "I think Captain Forster is very amusing, uncle."

"Yes," the major agreed, "he is a good talker, a regular society man; he is no great favorite of mine; I think he will be a little too much for us in a small station like this."

"How do you mean too much, uncle?"

The major hesitated.

"Well, I won't have much to do with his troop of horse, and time will hang heavy on his hands."

"Well, there is shooting, uncle."

"Yes, there is shooting, but I don't think that is much in his line. Tiffins and calls, and society generally, occupy most of his time I fancy, and I think he is fonder of mutiny than cards than is good for him, or others. Of course, being here by himself, as he is, we must do our best to be civil to him and that sort of thing, but if we were at Cawnpore he is a man I should not care about being intimate in the house."

"I understand, uncle; but certainly he is pleasant."

"Oh, yes, he is very pleasant," the major said drily, in a tone that seemed to explain that Forster's power of making himself pleasant was not a recommendation in his eyes.

But Captain Forster had apparently no idea whatever that his society could be anything but welcome, and called the next day after luncheon.

"I have been leaving my pasteboard at all the residents," he said, "not a very large circle, of course! I have Mrs. Hutchins at Delhi, as well as Mrs. Doolan. I did not know any of the others. They seem pleasant people."

"They are very pleasant," Isobel said.

"I fell one for a man named Bathurst. He was out. Is that the Bathurst, Major Hannay, who was in a line regiment, I forget its number, and left very suddenly in the middle of the fighting in Punjaub?"

"Yes. I believe Bathurst was in the army about that time," the major said; "but I don't know anything about the circumstances of his leaving."

Had Captain Forster known the major better, he would have been aware that he had meant to say was that he did not wish to know, but he did not detect the objection, and went on:

"They say he showed the white feather. If it is the same man, I was at school with him, and taken he has improved since then. I am sure I have no wish to renew his acquaintance."

"I like him very much," the major said shortly; "he is great friends with Dr. Wade, who has the very highest opinion of him, and I believe he is generally considered to be one of the most rising young officers of his grade."

"Oh, I have nothing to say against him," Captain Forster said, "but he was a poor creature at school, and I do not think that there was any love lost between us. Did you know him before you came here?"

"I only met him at the last races in Cawnpore," the major said; "he was stopping with the doctor."

"Quite a character Wade."

Isobel's tongue was untied now.

"I think he is one of the kindest and best gentlemen that ever I met," the girl said hotly. "He took care of me coming out here, and no one could have been kinder than he was."

"I have no doubt he is all that," Captain Forster said gently, "still he is a character. Miss Hannay, taking the term character to mean a person who differs widely from other people. I believe he is very skilful in his profession, but I take it he is a sort of Abernethy, and tells the most startling truths to his patients."

"That I can quite imagine," Isobel said; "the doctor hates humbugs of all sorts, and I don't think I should like to call him in myself for an imaginary ailment."

"I rather put my foot in it there," Captain Forster said to himself as he sauntered back to his tent. "The major didn't like my saying anything against Bathurst, and the girl did not like my remark about the doctor. I wonder whether she objected also to what I said about that fellow Bathurst; a sneaking little hound he was, and there is no doubt about his showing the white feather in the Punjaub. However, I don't think that young lady is of the sort to care about a coward, and if she asks questions, as I dare say she will after what I have said, she will find that the story is a true one. What a pretty little thing she is, I did not see a prettier face all my time I was at home. What with her and Mrs. Doolan, time is not likely to hang so heavily here as I had expected."

The major, afraid that Isobel might ask him some questions about this story of Bathurst leaving the regiment, had hastily gone on as Captain Forster had left. Isobel sat impatiently tapping the floor with her foot, awaiting the doctor, who usually came for half an hour's chat in the evening.

"Well, child, how did your dinner go off yesterday and what did you think of your new partner? I think you always talk about half an hour ago. I suppose he has been calling."

"I don't like him at all," Isobel said decidedly.

"No! Well, then, you are an exception to the general rule."

"I thought him pleasant enough last night," Isobel said frankly. "He has a deferential sort of way about him when he speaks to one that one can hardly help liking. But he made me angry to-day. In the first place, doctor, he said you were a character."

The doctor chuckled.

"Well, that is true enough, my dear. There was no harm in that."

"And then he said—" and she broke off—"he said what I feel sure cannot be true. He said that Mr. Bathurst left the army because he showed the white feather. It is not true, is it? I am sure it can't be true."

The doctor did not reply immediately.

"It is an old story," he said presently, "and ought not to have been brought up again. I don't suppose Forster or anyone else knows the rights of the case. When a man leaves his regiment and retires when it is upon active service, there are sure to be spiteful stories getting about, often without the slightest foundation. But even if it had been true, it would hardly be to Bathurst's disadvantage now he has been longer in the army, and courage is not a vital necessity on the part of a civilian."

"You can't mean that, doctor! Surely, every man ought to be brave. Could anyone possibly respect a man who is a coward! I don't believe it, doctor, for a moment."

"Courage, my dear, is not a universal endowment, it is a physical as much as a moral virtue; some people are physically brave, and morally cowardly; others just the reverse. Some people are constitutionally cowards all round, while in others cowardice shows itself only partially. I have seen a man who fought like a lion in battle, who was terrified by a rat. I have known a man brave in other respects lose his nerve altogether in a thunder storm. In neither of these cases was it the man's own fault; it was constitutional and by no effort could he conquer it. I consider constitutional cowardice a misfortune, but I am sure that he is capable of acts of great bravery in some directions, but it is possible that he is like the man I have spoken of, constitutionally weak in others."

"But the great thing is to be brave in battle, doctor! You would not call a man a coward simply because he was afraid of a rat, but you would call a man one who was afraid in battle. To be a coward there seems to me to be a coward all round. I have always thought the one virtue in man I really envied was bravery, and that a coward was the most despicable creature living. It might be not his actual fault, but one can't help that. It is not anyone's fault if he is fearfully ugly or born an idiot, for example. But cowardice seems somehow different. Not to be brave when he is strong seems to put a man below the level of a woman. I feel sure, doctor, there must be some mistake, and that this story cannot be true. I have seen a good deal of Mr. Bathurst since we have been here, and you have always spoken so well of him, he is the last man I should have thought would be—would be like that."

"I know the circumstances of the case, child. Yes it is true that we do not find fault in nothing in Bathurst's conduct that diminishes my respect for him in the slightest degree, and that in some respects he is as brave a man as any I know."

"Yes, doctor, all that may be; but you do not answer my question. Did Mr. Bathurst leave the army because he showed cowardice? If he did, and you knew it, why did you invite him here? why did you always praise him? why did you say, in other respects this man may be good and estimable, but he is that most despicable thing, a coward?"

There was such a passion of pain in her voice and face that the doctor replied quickly, "I did not know it, my dear, or I should have told you at first that in this one point he was wanting. It is, I consider, the duty of those who know things to speak out. But he is certainly not what you say."

The girl bowed her head impatiently.

"We need not discuss it, doctor. It is nothing to me whether Mr. Bathurst is brave or not, only it is not quite pleasant to hear that you have been getting on friendly terms with a man who—"

"Don't say any more," the doctor broke in. "You and I have had a great talk and I am a friend of mine. There is no occasion for us to quarrel, my dear, and to prevent the possibility of such a thing I will be off at once."

After he had left Isobel sat down to think over what had been said. He had not directly answered her questions, but he had not denied that the reason Bathurst had resigned from the army because he was wanting in courage, was well founded. Everything he had said, in fact, was an excuse rather than a denial. The doctor was as staunch a friend as he was a bitter opponent. Could he have denied it he would have done so strongly and indignantly.

It was clear that, much as he liked Bathurst, he believed him wanting in physical courage. He had said, indeed, that he believed he was brave in some respects, and had asserted that he knew of one exceptional act of courage that he had performed; but what was that if a man had had to leave the army because he was a coward? To Isobel it seemed that of all things it was most dreadful that a man should be wanting in courage. Tales of daring and bravery had always been her special delight, and, being full of life and spirit herself, it had not seemed even possible to her that a gentleman could be a coward, and that Bathurst could be so seemed to her well nigh incredible.

It might, as the doctor had urged, be in no way his fault, but this did not affect the fact. He might be more to be pitied than to be blamed, but pity of that kind so far from being akin to love was destructive of it.

Unconsciously she had raised Bathurst on a lofty pinnacle. The doctor had spoken very highly of him. She had admired the energy with which, instead of caring as others did for pleasure, he devoted himself to his work. Older men than himself listened to his opinions. His quiet and somewhat restrained manner was in contrast to the careless fun and good humor of most of those with whom she was in contact. It had seemed to her that he was a strong man, one who could be relied upon implicitly at all times, and she had come in the few weeks she had been at Deennugghur

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to rely upon his opinion, and to look forward to his visits, and even to acknowledge to herself that he approached her ideal of what a man should be more than anyone else she had met.

And now this was all shattered at a blow. He was wanting in man's first attribute. He had left the army, if not in disgrace at least under a cloud, and even his warm friend the doctor could not deny that the accusation of cowardice was well founded. The pain of the discovery opened her eyes to the fact which she had not before, even remotely, admitted to herself, that she was beginning to love him, and the discovery was a bitter one.

"I may thank Captain Forster for that at least," she said to herself, as she angrily wiped a tear from her cheek; "he has opened my eyes in time. What should I have felt if I had found too late that I had come to love a man who was a coward—who had left the army because he was afraid? I should have despised myself as much as I should despise him. Well, that is my first lesson. I shall not trust in appearances again. Why, I would rather marry a man like Captain Forster, even if everything they say about him is true, than a man who is a coward. At least he is brave and has shown himself so."

The doctor had gone away in a state of extreme irritation.

"Confound the meddling scoundrel," he said to himself, as he surprised the horse with a sharp cut of the whip. "Just when things were going on as I wished. I had quite set my mind on it, and though I am sure Bathurst would never have spoken to her till he had told her himself about that unfortunate failing of his, it would have been altogether different coming from his own lips just as he told it to me. Of course, my own lips were sealed and I could not put the case in the right light. I would give three months' pay for the satisfaction of horsewhipping that fellow Forster. Still, I can't say he did it maliciously, for he could not have known Bathurst was intimate there or that there was anything between them. The question is, am I to tell Bathurst that she has heard about it? I suppose I had better. Ah, here is the major," and he drew up his horse. "Anything new, major? You look put out."

"Yes, there is very bad news, doctor. A Sawar has just brought a letter to me from the colonel saying that the general has got a telegram that the 19th Native Infantry at Berhampore have refused to use the cartridges served out to them, and that yesterday a Sepoy of the 34th at Barrackpore raised seditious cries in front of the lines, and when Baugh, the adjutant, and the sergeant major attempted to seize him he wounded them both, while the regiment stood by and refused to aid them. The 19th are to be disbanded, and no doubt the 34th will be too."

"That is bad news indeed, major, and looks as if this talk about general disaffection were true. Had there been trouble but at one station it might have been the effect of some local grievance, but happening at two places, it looks as if it were part of a general plot. Well, we must hope it will go no further."

"It is very bad," said the major, "but at any rate we may hope we shall have no troubles here; the regiment has always behaved well and I am sure they have no reason to complain of their treatment. If the colonel has a fault it is that of over-leniency with the men."

"That is so," the doctor agreed, "but the fact is, major, we know really very little about the Hindoo mind. We can say with some sort of certainty what Europeans will do under given circumstances, but though I know the natives I think pretty nearly as well as most men, I feel that I really know nothing about them. They appear mild and submissive, and have certainly proved faithful on a hundred battlefields, but we don't know whether that is their real character. Their own history, before we stepped in and altered its currents, shows them as faithless, blood-thirsty and cruel; whether they have changed their nature under our rule or simply disguised it, Heaven only knows."

"At any rate," the major said, "they have always shown themselves attached to their English officers. There are numerous instances where they have shown the utmost devotion for them, and although some scheming intriguers may have sown the seeds of discontent among them, and these lies about the cartridges may have excited their religious prejudices and may even lead them to mutiny, I cannot believe for an instant that the Sepoys will lift their hands against their officers."

"I hope not," the doctor said gravely. "A tiger's cub, when tamed, is one of the prettiest of playthings, but when it once tastes blood it is as savage a beast as its mother was before it. Of course, I hope for the best, but if the Sepoys once break loose I would not answer for anything they might do. They have been pretty well spoilt, major, till they have come to believe that it is they who conquered India and not we."

(To be Continued.)

Vun Gueer Yong Irishmans.

(Written for Saturday Night.)

Irish iss vun gueer boopies ass nefer vas! Mein cousin Schakie geeps a lager peer barlor on Queen shtreet, und I did co there vun efenings und Schakie says to me: "Der Irish iss vun gueer growd ass nefer vas! Ven a Deutchman gets enough I say 'Co home!' und he coes. Ven a Scotchman gets enough or an Englishman gets enough, or a Canadian gets enough I say 'Co out!' und he coes. Bud iff vun Irishman gets enough und I say 'Co out!' he flaps hiss hat fery tight on hiss head und says 'Fy cripes, pude me out!'"

Ya! ya! Irish iss vun gueer beoples!

I did gome to Canada mit two yong Irishmans vat did mit ghemistry shtoody in mein Vaterland. They vas dwins bud not vun pit alige ass nefer vas.

For oldess he vor fery guiet und zome, vhat you gall shtern, und he lofe hiss ghemistry und god along mit it fery vell und mage monish.

Bud der oder vun vor sooch a vild vun ass nefer vas!

He gould make pad schmells und pig noises schust lige hiss brudder, too, bud he gould not schtick at it bud vas so full off hiss fun ass nefer vas.

There vas sooch a britty girl mit pig plue eyes und yellow gurly hair und leetle hans und veet, und ret, ret jeeks und vite, vite skin ass nefer vas, und the oldess make lofe to her lige efervthings und she listen to him, bud she loog always at the other vun already.

The yongess vun he crow vilder und vilder all the dimes und neclect hiss ghemistry ass nefer vas.

Und the britty girl loog at him und his mutther gry ofer him, und hiss brudder loog sad, bud he schust co right on shpreeling und blaying mit tyful's gards und neclecting hiss ghemistry ass nefer vas.

Veil vun mornings ass I vashed pottles in the labrestory, ass they gailed their ghemistry room, he gome in mit his eyes all red und his vace all vite und looging ass veak und miserable from shpreeing ass nefer vas.

I vas pehint the shcreen und they thought not off me und talked way right in mein ears, bud I did not bay mooch attentions already until the yongess say the name of dat britty girl mit the yellow hair und plue eyes, und leetle hans und veet, und ret, ret jeeks, und vite, vite skin as never vas, und I did think she vor so nice leettle ting, I gould not keep mein ears shoot und I did hear the yongess say to the oldess:

"Ven ve vere at schule you nefer dook no notiss off her, und I always did lofe her then und she vould say some tay she vould pe mein leettle wife; bud ven ve came home from Schermany und you did lofe her so, then I vould not mage lofe to her too already, und she did loog at me so out off her plue eyes that I did co to the tyful. Und sometimes ven I vas mit her alone I gould not hardly geep from saying 'I lofe you.' Bud vun night I did think I would hafe vun kiss, so I said: 'You vill pe mein tear leettle zister, so gife me vun kiss.' Und she purst right out grying und zaid, 'I don't vant to pe your sister I vant to pe your leettle vife.' Bud I shtood avay from her und zaid, 'No! no! I don't lofe you only ass mein zister.' Und then I game avay und vent to the tyful more ass before."

Then they shtopped talking und it vas so shtill I got quite sheared und trropped vun off mein pottles mit soach a grash ass nefer vas, und the oldess he galls out to me: "Schon! co out off here."

That vas hiss way; ven I vas out off the room und he would not hafe me in, he vould zay: "Schon! shtay out off here," und iff I vas in the room und he vants to pe alone, he vould zay: "Schon! co out off here."

Veil, I vent out und did not hear more, bud ven the yongess vent out, hiss bruder galls me quite sharp, und mage me pring pottles und ghemicals und he vork lige vild und mage noises, und schmokes und schmells ass nefer vas, und I run mit mein nose shut mit mein vingers und leave the windows oben.

He did brooch hiss hair, und vash his hans, und pude on hiss goat und co town to tinner schmed ass iff nothings vas the matter, bud ve zoon heard the vild vun vas to marry the britty girl on fery day she had set to marry the oldess vun. He vould hafe it so, and the vild vun gafe oop hiss shpreeing und his tyful's gards und dook to hiss ghemistry, und vas hard at vork already, und his mutther gryed about him not any more; und the britty girl mit leettle hans und veet und ret, ret jeeks, und plue eyes look so happy ass nefer vas.

Ven the tay game it vas fine und bright und eferypody was retty to co to the schurch to see the vedding, bud schust at the last the oldess von cot so vite, und he say to hiss mutther und bruder: "Oh, I gan't! I gan't!" so they co mitout him und he turn und co oop to the "labrestory," und I vas there, bud he saw me not, und he pulls town the vront plind und then guts a hole mit hiss knife in it und shtood looging out und fery soon the garriage mit the britty girl in it comes up und she loogs out at the house ass if she lofes it und he croans treadfully, und ven the garriage vas hast he turns round und sees me und says: "Schon! co out off here! I vants to mage vun vearful pad schmell vot vould geep you goughing vor vun month." Und ass I vent out he galls me pack und says: "You prote thy pibe you prought from Vaterland. I prought vun too bud he iss too pig vor me, dake him," und he gafe me hiss vine good pibe, und ven I say, "Oh, thank you, zur," he pude hiss han' on mein schoulder und smile so ass in mein vace und hushed me softly out off the room.

Und ven I gome co in he zat py the dable vite und tead ass efer vas vun toor nail.

Ya! ya! He vas vun gueer yong Irishmans! All Irishmans iss gueer beoples ass nefer vas.

HERMANN, THE CANADIAN.

The Street Cars.

Conductor—You'll have to pull up, Billy, an' let that old feller git on!

Passenger (as the car starts again)—Thanks, conductor—little idea of mine to make you fellows stop for me—works first rate, so far!—*Puck.*

On the Boulevard.

She—I agree with you, general—a girl should know something of the technical terms used with regard to horses. I've been studying under my brother for some time now, so can discuss in recognized terms on the subject. Did you notice that lady's horse which just passed with string-halt in its off fore hind leg?

He Was Not Superstitious

He came into the office with his hat in his hand, and the man at the desk, knowing what he was after, steeled his heart against him.

"Good morning," he said, as if apologizing to the morning. "Can I negotiate a small loan here?"

"You can not," said the man at the desk.

"You seem to be very positive about it."

"I don't seem, I am. Good morning."

"Thanks. I said that when I came in," all this very politely.

"You're sure I can't negotiate a loan?"

"Sure of it."

"Not for any amount?"

"No, not one cent."

"Thanks. You are not a superstitious man, are you?" he said, changing the subject so suddenly that the man at the desk was startled.

"Not at all," he replied.

"Don't have any faith in signs?"

"Not the slightest."

"Wouldn't believe one if you saw it?"

"Of course not."

"That's what I thought," and he started out.

"Here," said the man at the desk, "what do you mean by asking me such questions?"

"Can't tell you for less than a quarter," said the tramp grinning.

"Here's your quarter. Now tell me."

"Thanks. Come out to the door," and the man followed the tramp to the door. "Look at your window," and the man read there in fine gilt letters: "Loans negotiated for any amount," and when he turned to pay his respects to his visitor that suave and simple gentleman had disappeared somewhere in the crowd on the street.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Crushed Strawberry.

Venus Armstrong—But these berries are all mashed!
Harry Devere (licensed)—Mashed is it! Faith, and why wouldn't they get mashed when they have had a peep at your eyes!
Venus (coldly and sternly)—I will take two boxes.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Is the most elegant and popular hair-dressing in the market. It quickens into renewed activity the hair-roots and thus restores to the hair all that has been lost by sickness, old age, or neglect. It imparts to the hair a silken texture, keeps the scalp clean, and cures itching and troublesome humors. When the hair becomes thin, faded, or gray, the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor brings out a new growth of the original color, fullness, and beauty. It is positively without equal.

The Best Hair Dressing

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her toilet."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my hair had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

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Roast, Cold, Warmed, Stew, Hashed, Soup.

Landlady—Why did you bring your notebook to the table, Mr. Pertman?

Mr. Pertman—I noticed that we are to have roast turkey for dinner. I wish to keep tally of the different ways it will be served before it finally passes from view.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cures sick Headache.

Boudoir Generalship.

Jane—That Mr. Shallopate is at the door. Shall I tell him that you are engaged?

Miss Pinkie—Show him into the parlor, Jane.

"Yes'm."

"And Jane, after he lays his box of candy on the mantel-piece, tell him I am out."

For Spring and Summer.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

Delightfully Refreshing.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

His Memory Refreshed.

"Grindstone, do you believe all these stories about hailstones falling out west as big as walnuts?"

"As big as walnuts! Why, Kiljordan, on my own farm out in the Spring Creek neighborhood I picked up one day in '53 a bushel basket full of hailstones half an hour after they fell, and the smallest of them were bigger than hen's—becoming suddenly conscious that Mrs. Grindstone is looking at him—"bigger than hen's teeth!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

C. E. International Convention at New York in July.

At a meeting of the executive committee held in Toronto last Friday Dr. Dickson and Ald. Morris reported that they had visited New York in the interest of the Ontario contingent of Christian Endeavor who may go to the convention July 7 and 10, and that they had learned that accommodation could be had in boarding-houses at from $5 to $8 a week, and this must be for a whole week. Rooms in hotels may be had at 50c, 75c. and $1 a day; hotel charges in full, $2.50 a day. Mr. Morris purposes going to New York on July 4 and 5 to make final arrangements for as many as intimate to him early their intention of going. The fare to New York and back will be single over Canadian and American lines. The Erie line will be the official road. Arrangements will be made for cars at points where fifty or sixty may gather, and if sixty go from Galt a special car will be provided through to New York. The expectation is that 25,000 will go to this convention from Canada and every part of the States.

Only One Cause Likely.

Mrs. Greatman (wife of a Congressman)—What is the matter with my husband, Doctor?

Doctor—Brain strain.

Mrs. Greatman—Dear me! He must have been drinking again, and trying not to show it.

Who Should Use It?

ALL convalescent patients.

All sufferers from La Grippe.

All who are weak or debilitated.

All your sick friends.

USE IT YOURSELF.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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The Drama.

MINSTREL shows have been rather poor affairs of late, with a great deal of rumpus, strut and swagger and mighty little originality or merit of any sort. The lay of the last minstrel was really sung about three years ago and since then the name has been put to grievous uses by companies that seek to travel on the reputations, jokes and by-play of predecessors. The men who at first and for a long time made a success as minstrels were genuine actors who made a study of negro dialect and character down south, but the minstrels of to-day apparently saw their first negro from the pea-nut gallery of a theater and studied him from that point alone. They are imitators first, last and thoroughly. When they try to originate anything it is therefore no more distinctively negro than it is cockney. The minstrel show has become a variety show in which the actors are daubed with burnt cork to relieve them from the embarrassment of blushing at their own stale manœuvres. The next step is to introduce a sable-faced ballet, and that will soon be accomplished, for already the men are dressing up as women, so that next season we may expect to see a bejeweled Dinah diving us an intoxicating skirt dance. Well, the sooner it runs to the limit the sooner will some master arise and revive true minstrelsy. But unless a good troupe quickly gets together and forces competitors to either succumb or remodel themselves, there will grow up a distaste for the whole thing and a habit of shunning such shows, and a period will require to elapse so that the bad record of present day minstrelsy may be forgotten. Take the Primrose & West company, which appeared at the Academy not long ago. It was a good show in many ways, but barring Primrose himself, what good negro minstrel was there in the whole cast? Many would answer, Tom Lewis. Still, if his face had not been blackened, and if he had been dressed as an Irishman, say, his work would have been quite as much applauded. Primrose alone put character as well as cork into his work. And it was the same Monday evening at the Grand when Cleveland's minstrels played to a fair house. Cushman was the only one who knew what was expected of his color. Especially in his make-up as an old man, with wavering voice, was he good. Anyone who ever knew an ancient negro was struck with his faultless delineation of the character—the speaking, rather than the acting, I mean. Perhaps there were other acts applauded more, such as William Henry Rice's burlesque of a lyric artist. This was as amusing and delightful a piece of unpardonable vulgarity as I ever witnessed. Hilton, the "equilibristic marvel," did some very fine tumbling, and one of the "emperors of music" —which one could not be told from the programme, but the fat one who wanted a nickel —showed some fine acting and gave some side imitations on the violin. There was a wild grandeur of description for each and every individual artist that the performance in no case warranted. The singing was not up to much when compared with what the public had been induced to expect, and altogether Cleveland's minstrels had no business coming here when so far down at the heel as they showed themselves to be. To be sure there have been many poorer shows here during the winter, but this one thought to prove a pleasant wind-up to a particularly good season at the Grand and it did not reach up to the high mark.

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Esmeralda, famous for its great run of 355 nights in New York City, at the Madison Square Theater, was given by the St. Alphonsus Club at the Academy of Music, Friday evening, June 3rd. Mr. S. H. Clark, Principal of the Toronto College of Elocution, had charge of the production of the play. Esmeralda is charming. Its story is but a quiet, homely romance, such as may often occur in everyday life, but the narrative is so touching, the characters so natural, the dialogue so fresh and unconventional and the influence of the lessons which may be derived so healthy, that the whole forms a delightful series of home life pictures of absorbing interest to all but those whose taste may have been perverted by the sensational and extravagant dramas which are the rule on the stage of the present day. I shall give a criticism of the work of the various performers next week. The following is the cast of characters:

Elbert Rogers	Mr. J. J. McKittrick
Lydby Ann (his wife)	Miss Annie Cummings
Esmeralda (their daughter)	Miss Eva Wood
Dave Hardy	Mr. Wm. Borrow
Reinbrock	Mr. W. C. McCarthy
Kate Desmond	Miss Fanny Pringle
Jack Desmond	Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue
The Marquis de Montania	
George Drew	Mr. A. Cottam

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The Grand and the Academy are practically closed for the season, and Managers Sheppard and Kirchner both report business to have been good. There may be an odd one-night engagement at either house, professional or amateur, like the St. Alphonsus Club entertainment at the Academy Friday night, but these are like the desultory shots that follow a battle, the real struggle being over and the fugitives escaping. Now the managers will worry over future attractions and make whatever repairs or improvements are necessary in their respective houses, and cultivate a zest for opening night after summer has flown. MACK.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Sol Smith Russell will occupy the Chicago Grand Opera House during the entire continuance of the big fair, and the six months following he will endeavor to spend in one New York theater.

For the past three weeks a succession of crowded houses has been the rule at the Broadway Theater, New York city, during which time all theatrical precedents have been set aside by DeWolf Hopper's immensely successful return engagement at that house. Usually, revivals are not up to the standard of previous performances in point of excellence, attendance or enthusiasm, but the first part of Hopper's present brief season in the metropolis has actually excelled in financial returns and general favor the three first weeks of the original production of Wang in that city last spring. Mr. Hopper, accompanied by his business manager, John W. Kinney, will sail for Europe on June 8, and while abroad they will attend the International Musical and Theatrical Exposition, which is to be held in Vienna during the month of July. The genial comedian has received an official invitation from Herr Heinrich Conreid, the well known stage director of the Casino, who is the commissioner and representative of the Exposition in the United States, and will be that gentleman's personal guest during his brief stay in the Austrian capital. Mr. Hopper expects to meet many noted composers, whose characters he has interpreted during his career on the comic opera stage in this country, among which will be Millocker, Von Suppe, Genee, Strauss and others, also Knaack, Schweighofer, Girardi, and other famous comedians of the German stage.

Art and Artists.

ONE of the noticeable things in relation to the present O. S. A. exhibit is the extremely free, vigorous and somewhat contradictory criticisms appearing in the press with reference to the work of the various artists. This is not a new thing nor one peculiar to Toronto. In Paris and London the critics often come to blows over a picture, an opera or a book, yet they are competent critics too. They employ the same standards but apply them differently. When critics all agree in supporting a picture it is considered too good to be true by the fortunate artist, and it is a rare painting indeed with which no fault can be found along the strict lines of criticism. Most masterpieces have been faulty according to the standards prevailing at the time of their advent, and it has seldom occurred that an epoch-making picture received more than scant courtesy from the critics of the day. Art is for all time, while critics and their standards belong to the hour and perish as the clock strikes. This is a solemn truth that I express without a pang, and I hope it may prove some small measure of consolation to those artists who have been unmercifully handled either in these columns or elsewhere. Of course art is not; the painter who accepts consolation from the above truth must feel himself a genuine artist. Further, he may feel it and be far from it. In deciding who are artists, if aspirants will not take the critics for it, they must leave it to Time, not each man answer for himself, or there would be no counting of them. Critics exist so that—some would no doubt like to know why they do exist—a prompt and intelligent decision may be made as to the claims of a picture to be representative of the art of the day. Of course if a man is painting for the future he can afford to smile superior upon the midsummer fly of a newspaper man, who condemns a picture without thought or knowledge of a winter season or succeeding summers. How should the buzzing fly know aught of what it is never to see? This is further consolation for any artist whose work is condemned. To be sure—and since I am speaking of flies so much I will use an old phrase and call this a fly in the ointment of the artist receiving consolation—to be sure, there is small hope under the better standards of next year or next century for the man who tries and fails to paint successfully along the lines at present laid down. You cannot pass a point until you have reached it—you say perhaps you were born beyond it. At least then you can demonstrate that it lies behind you. This is my defence of newspaper criticism. I attacked it for you and defended it for myself and you are repulsed ignominiously, so will scarcely have the temerity to renew hostilities.

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One portrait of which I spoke well last week has since convinced me that I did not say enough of it. Dropping into the gallery at mid-day and finding it all mine own, the opportunity was excellent for a second careful inspection of the pictures, and I found that J. W. L. Forster's Miss Maud, according to my theories, ranks next to E. Wyley Grier's Father. The action, the softness, and the feminine gentleness of the painting is seldom equaled, and the right arm and hand hanging down with careless grace is a capital bit of work.

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There is a noticeable absence of paintings from artists down east. I had hoped for an opportunity to put some of the Montreal critics to the blush by the fairness of my treatment of eastern work, but have not been allowed the opportunity. M. A. Bell has a couple of pictures on the wall, but however anxious I may be to set the Montreal reporters a good example, I cannot really go the length of praising them, although one of the daily men did so without a qualm. No. 224, Study of a Child, may have some merit seen only by the all-wise hanging committee, but I looked for it in vain. Never did a living child have hair of *that* variety of red, and the foliage was never seen before save on Japanese tea boxes. When a standard is set up and when pictures are rejected in wholesale way, it is the privilege of the press to assault the committee when it departs from the standard for inscrutable reasons. Only by such assaults can favoritism be prevented. The only way to preserve a balance is to show the committee that if it hangs a picture for a friend to save that friend from the humiliation of a "throw out," it subjects that friend to the more public humiliation of press condemnation. If the press holds back, the injustice will increase.

•

The Art Students' League exhibit at Room 16, Imperial Bank building on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week was fairly well attended. Since this organization was started six years ago it has developed wonderfully in the scope and quality of its work and in the number of its membership. The exhibit this year was in advance of last, which has been the case each successive year since the league was formed. C. M. Manly, O. P. Staples, C. W. Jeffreys, and W. Cruickshank showed the best work, while very good specimens were on view by Messrs. W. D. Blatchley, R. Holmes, F. H. Brigden, D. F. Thompson, J. W. Cotton, R. Weir Crouch, A. H. Howard and Misses Adams, Spurr, Winterbottom, Macklin, and Handcock. The officers this year are: R. Holmes, president; W. D. Blatchley, vice-president; W. W. Alexander, secretary, and C. W. Jeffreys, treasurer. These gentlemen deserve credit for their efforts in getting the exhibit so well in hand. VAN.

'Varsity Chat.

ANOTHER year has rolled round and added its quota of joy or sorrow, success or failure, to each of the students of the University of Toronto; the academic year of 1891-92 is now buried in the irrevocable past. Looking back from the vantage ground of the present, each one may observe the errors of judgment or of will which may have marred its brightness. But for the University as a whole the year that has passed has been distinctly marked by advancement in many directions. It has sent the restoration of University College to its original beauty and splendor, and though the old associations which lingered round the old building can never be renewed, still the prospect of a brilliant future shines bright before our *alma mater*. The academic year which has passed has also seen the completion of the new Victoria and Wycliffe Colleges, and, to a great extent, of the new library building, and University College bids fair to become the pivot of one of the greatest educational centers on the continent. But though great strides have been made in intellectual and material advancement, there is one department of University life in which there is much room for improvement. I refer to the social life of the University. It is but too true that the system of education which is being pursued in the University of Toronto is the surest method of developing what is known in colloquial language as "the plug." The "plug" is the ideal product of our modern university; when he graduates his intellectual faculties are not trained, they are explanatory; he goes out into life with no knowledge of his fellow-man, and with a mass of miscellaneous information which it is impossible for him to apply. It should be the aim of the student body as a whole, to develop as much as possible the social life of the University. The medium through which this may be done is the Literary Society, and it is to be hoped that next year will see this institution a more conspicuous factor in university life than it hitherto has proved.

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On Friday, May 27, that dread body, the examiners, held its preliminary meeting, and as I write this chat the fate of many of my fellow students will have been settled for weal or woe. The results of the Medical Council examinations have also been decided upon and a new contingent of doctors will be let loose upon a "long suffering" public. There is an element of sadness in examination results, for we cannot help thinking of the less fortunate ones whose names do not appear in the morning paper. I think one of the saddest aspects of student life is to see a man who has worked faithfully all year, perhaps through some mishap plucked at the annual examinations. It really does not often happen, but it does at times, and it would certainly be an improvement were a system devised whereby work during the term would count and the steps which have been taken by the senate in this matter are decidedly in the right direction.

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The following is a quotation from the London *Times* of the 12th instant: "Toronto University Library Restoration.—The committee formed, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lorne, for the restoration of the library of the Toronto University have brought their labors to a successful close. Having sent out about 30,000 volumes, they are now forwarding, as a last instalment, some 350 volumes of the Prussian scientific libraries, the generous gift of the German Emperor."

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Among the nine candidates entitled to write for honors at the final law examinations at Osgoode Hall, the following belong to class '89 'Varsity: J. Strachan Johnston, J. H. Moss, W. Cross, W. B. Taylor, F. C. Cooke and J. H. Rodd.

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Speaking of law and lawyers, the following '92 men have applied for entrance to the Upper Canada Law Society, and will embark upon the great study of law: Messrs. H. E. Barker, C. J. Bethune, F. A. Kearns, A. L. Lafferty, J. H. Lamont, H. W. McClive, C. E. McCraney, J. F. McGillivray, A. E. McLaughlin, J. A. McLean, V. A. Sinclair, C. A. Stuart, '91, J. H. Tennant, J. Vining and S. C. Wood.

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The following accompanied the Q. O. R. to Owen Sound on May 24 as representing K company: First Lieut. Cameron, second Lieuts. Barker and White, Sergts. "Scout" McLaren and Scott, Pts. Falconbridge and McMurchy. The boys returned on Friday night after having thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

•

Athletics are flourishing at 'Varsity. The lacrosse team have made a trip to Cornell, and "walked over" the denizens of that place to the tune of ten to three. The Association football club distinguished themselves at Chicago by defeating the Chicago team by four goals to two, and also by defeating the renowned Detroiters. The cricket club has started upon a tour to Galt, St. Catharines and other places, and it is to be hoped that their record will be as brilliant as that of their colleagues.

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Commencement is to be held on June 10 in the Pavilion. To those whose recollections carry them back to the "Commencement" days in old 'Varsity, the idea of a Commencement in the Pavilion must seem exceeding strange. But such is the course of events. The announcement that Convocation was to be in the Musee would not excite any great astonishment these days.

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The books prescribed for the Bankers' Scholarship will be announced about the middle of June. The prospects are that there will be much more competition this year than there was in 1891, and the result will be watched with interest. JUNIOR.

An Artificial Nose.

(Translated from the German for Saturday Night by Johanna M. Forster and Harry A. Brown).

IN the year of our Lord 1820, I was a student of a well known German hospital. Most Germans have a hobby, and that of our professor of anatomy was an inordinate desire to affix artificial noses to persons who had been so unfortunate as to lose that facial appendage.

Fired by our professor's enthusiasm on the subject, we all became anxious to see such an operation performed, and eagerly awaited the arrival of a patient minus a nose.

Although such cases are very unusual, we did not have long to wait. One afternoon as we were hard at work in the dissecting room, an attendant ushered in a strongly built and not bad-looking fellow, whose face was swathed in bandages and who, upon being questioned by the professor, told us that his nose had been bitten off by his mare. He did not, however, seem to be much put out about the matter, but quietly produced a vial filled with alcohol, in which he had brought his nose to be grafted back into its place before his girl should know anything about it.

Upon finding that his own nose would answer the purpose no longer, he seemed rather chagrined, for he said that his girl liked his nose better than any other nose. However, upon the professor assuring him that an artificial one would be far nicer than the original and that his girl could not fail to be delighted with it, he consented to become our patient.

Being a favorite he was assigned a room in the private ward, and all went well for the next couple of weeks. His face was healing quickly and the professor walked the corridors, each day with haughty strut, rubbing his hands in keen anticipation of the coming operation.

We were all to be disappointed, however. The day before our patient was to be measured for his new nose, a nurse came hurrying into the dissecting room with the news that he had escaped through the window, leaving behind only the bandages which had been cut from his face and the following note which they had found upon the floor:

"DEAR CARL—Do not be afraid that I shall cease to love you, now that you have lost your nose, but cut the bandages with the knife which I send you by my cousin. Escape through your window and come to your loving

"ANNIE."

Thus for the time being we lost our interesting patient, and for nearly a year after nothing was heard of him. However, at the expiration of that time a rumor ran through the hospital to the effect that Carl had returned and begged the professor to finish the operation which he had begun, a proposal which the professor as well as ourselves were only too glad to fulfil.

It seems from what the professor told us of the interview afterwards, that Carl's girl did not like him as well without a nose as she had expected, and that after several fruitless attempts to get her to marry him, he had returned to us, again possessed of the hope that an artificial nose would please her as the professor had predicted.

As before everything ran smoothly for the first few days. I had been chosen as the professor's assistant and together we measured him for as beautiful a nose as we could design. The professor also gave the nurses instructions to watch Carl closely so that he should not escape as he had done before.

One morning as I was passing through the wards, a nurse hurried up to me, with the information that he had again escaped and that in his room they had found a pretty young girl, whom they now had imprisoned there. I went to her and found her crying away as though her heart would break. When I had quieted her she told me that the fear of losing her beloved Carl had driven her to put on men's clothes and encompass his escape.

She had gained admittance to see him the evening before and had then persuaded him to don the clothes which she had come in and escape. This he had done and she would have escaped later had not the nurse locked her in for the night. Thinking she had had enough punishment we allowed her to go and then informed the professor of the matter.

To say that he was mad, would not express the state of affairs; his wrath was indescribable and was felt by all the attaches of the hospital, and especially by the two nurses who had charge of the escaped patient.

He swore that he would never more have anything to do with artificial noses, so that when the nose in question was finished it came into my possession and was retained by me as a memento of the affair.

One day, when I had been in practice some fifteen years, a well dressed farmer entered my office. I recognized him at once. It was none other than Carl.

"Well," I said, "what now?"

"I have come to be measured for an artificial nose," he said.

"You have left the matter a long time. Did your Annie not marry you after all?"

"It is not that," he said rather solemnly; "she died six months ago, but I want to marry again now and no one will have me without a nose."

Laughing at his plight I went over to a cabinet, took from it the nose which I had kept all these years, and affixing it to its place on his face led him to a mirror. He was highly delighted and declared that he had not looked so natural for sixteen years.

He paid me a good round sum for the nose and left in great haste to make another proposal of marriage.

May Day.

For Saturday Night.

As the laughing brooklet murmurs,
O'er the pebbles as it flows,
And the fairest buds in beauty,
And the soft wind gently blows,
I can hear the robin singing
Joyous of the length'ning day,
And the sparrow chirping, chirping,
Answering redbreast—welcome May.

Green the grass, and yellow briars;
Violets peep from 'neath the wall;
Pretty vines with leaves unfolding
Kiss the tiniest flowers of all.
Notes of music in the valley,
Softest, sweetest, reach my ear,
As the minstrel tunes his zither,
Murmuring gladly—"May is here."

Bright the meadows bathed in sunshine;
Tender grain peeps through the earth;
Trees with leafiets, branches covered;
Wild flow'rs blow, and all is mirth.
Hark! I hear a piper coming
O'er a hill-side 'cross the way,
Piping as he 'proaches nearer
"Hail! ye lasses—welcome May."

'Bout the fields the lambs are playing,
Sheep in gladness join the game;
O'er the fence the wild young squirrel
Springs in glee along the lane.
Then amid all song and pleasure,
Hearts are merry all the day;
Voices sweetly chant the chorus—
"Welcome, welcome, lovely May."

Village lads and lasses gather
'Round the May-pole hand in hand,
Strewing flow'rs along the pathway
Cheering, laughing, singing and—
Here the Queen is now among us,
"Crown her! crown her! hark!" they say.
Then 'mid blossoms pure and whitest
Stands our chosen Queen of May.

All the village bells are pealing,
Sweetly I can hear the chimes;
Dancing comes the fairest echo
Fancy brings from other climes.
Nature smiles in kindly welcome;
Mother Earth looks bright and gay;
Come! ye lads and lasses harken,
Whilst we sing a song to May.

ADA E. ANDREWS.

The Daisy Field.

For Saturday Night.

Where fair Toronto stretches forth
Arms round her circling bay,
Her right hand holds the fairest field
The sun shines on to-day.

The waves of blue Ontario
Ripple about its base,
And ambient blue o'er-canopies
Its sweet and smiling face.

Its waves of billowy opal grass,
Where velvet bees do hover,
Gleam with the gold of buttercups
And amethyst of clover.

Lov'd June, though breathing softly
O'er our Canadian home,
Has ruffled our field billows
To crests of daisy foam.

And where a strip of tawny sand
Sets limits to their feet,
Come billows of the dancing bay,
Curtsey and then retreat.

Then snowy crests of daisy foam
Go bowing everywhere,
They curtsey to the bowing waves,
Was ever sight so fair?

Now all day long, my little ones,
Go gather wondrous gems;
Such precious stones from off the beach!
From fields, such diadems!

The gold of buttercups they gleam
To make a golden crown,
Where starry marguerites are set,
Like jewels up and down.

The shells from yellow sand they string
To make a necklet fair,
While watery waves and waves of grass
Go bowing everywhere. MARIE H. HOLMESTED.

Night and Morning.

For Saturday Night.

Dark is the night and dank and dreary
And steadily comes the rain,
Dashing, plashing, never weary,
Pattering on the pane.

All night long the winds are moaning,
And they will not cease their dirge;
All night long the trees are groaning,
And their branches ceaseless surge.

All night long my pillow tossing
Leaned I for the day,
Till at last the horizon crossing
Came the morning gray.

The mist to its airy dwelling
Fluttering floats away,
And the chorus ever swelling
Marks the approaching day.

Merry robins sweetly chirping
Wing their airy flight,
Fleeting shadows freely flirting
Chase the dancing light.

Little bits of freshening wind
Play at hide and seek,
While the meadow grasses bend
'Neath their fairy feet.

Gone is all the dismal rain
Which enwrapt the night,
Leaving blessings in its train
And a verdant beauty bright.

So it is with Sorrow's rain
As it swiftly passes o'er,
Leaving sweetness in its train
Which the heart knew not before.

JAMES FRANCIS DELANEY.

A Storm on the Rideau.

For Saturday Night.

The north winds sweep across the lake,
Grim storm fiends mar the face of night;
The deep-toned waves, with thunder shake
The frowning shores and pebbled beach.

Like demons dark, the lowering clouds
Roll, weeping through the gloomy skies;
Across the storm-swept water's breast
A frightened bird in terror flies.

Low, eldritch mutterings from the gloom
Join with the moaning, sweeping winds,
And seem to add to Nature's doom
Another link in horror's chain.

Fast, fast, the storm is gathering now,
A Stygian darkness robes the night;
The whitening surf like coiling snakes
Enfolds the shore with dreadful might.

But, lo! the peaceful morn is nigh,
The orb of day his radiance shows;
And sighing like a fretful child,
The surging waves in silence lie.

BERT KELLY.

Between You and Me.

THE POSTMAN brought me such a charming little letter last week from a young girl, asking me about the cheapest way to start housekeeping in Toronto. Well, my dear girl, what do you say to starting on nothing—that is, with no capital! It is hard work, some discomfort, many trials of patience and much straining of the golden cord of love, but it is a fine thing to do successfully. You are rich, compared to some, with your little nest egg saved, your loving heart and courageous mind and though you will have to start humbly and go slowly, still I believe you'll be happy. There are little homes in Toronto to-day where the fire of love is not quenched and the melody of happy voices dieth not, where the scant salary is eked out with watchful care and management and content unutterable, where a new suit for him requires weeks of forethought, and a new suit for her, from bonnet to boots, is among the things of past ages, too antique to think of. And yet, when these first hard days are over, and ease and competence comes apace, one will look back, half tearfully and yearningly, and say tenderly of them, "We were very happy anyway!"

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Talking of cosy little homes, I believe that I ought to set up an intelligence office for intending settlers. As I go my wheels abroad how many poor I see, who have not cosy homes and how many more who are as snug as birds in a nest. Why don't householders "fix up?" Do as the ancient Jews did, and each take the repairing of the patch before his own door. We have all laughed at the spasmodic attempts of some aroused or ambitious consciences, urging their owners to rig up rakish looking barricades of barbed wire and scantlings, to establish a reign of terror over the babies in the block, to play Canute with the rampant school boys, and find as little satisfaction as Canute did from the rising tide, but while we laughed did we not also faintly applaud, and when the determination and the barbed wire influenced the little boys' minds and breeches, did we not chuckle and rejoice? Yes, verily.

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A few plants, in a couple of painted and carefully filled boxes, waving, blooming and trailing over an inartistic window sill, a bright canvas awning over the west door, a smooth patch of green before the parlor window, cost but little money and care and are beauty spots about the town. My correspondent asks me can she not do without a parlor *suite*, and live rustically for a while without odd chairs and cheap peek-a-boos, and a rug on the floor. Why not? I do abominate the little city parlors with their lumber of plush and damask, their chenille curtains and over-mantel stuffy boxes! Better flowing draperies of six cent scrim, and a neat matting, wicker chairs and big cretonne or chintz cushions, a small bill and a bank balance than all the fussy, stuffy, costly glories of a Brussels carpet and a parlor *suite*. A clever friend of mine took nicely shaped common unpainted chairs, some she gilded, some she bronzed and some she enameled white; from all she cut two inches off each leg. She made plump little cushions of fawn and blue silk and tied them on with ribbons, and they made "comfy" and pretty seats. Her tables came from the factory also; when she got them finished off with enamel paint, plush tops and brass tacks and ribbons they didn't need any trumpeting! Her pictures hung on a plain wooden moulding which she had also enameled, and her walls were covered with a ten cent paper. I don't know a cosier nest than her little cool parlor on a hot day, and her own sanctum upstairs was likewise attractive. Determined hopefulness was the keynote of her song and courage its accompaniment.

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Did you ever notice how many things we take for granted in this world? It is well for us that we can, but sometimes we have no reason for doing so. The other day I was talking with a bright gentleman of mature years and a chance remark of mine caused him the greatest amazement, upsetting, as it did, his firm conviction on a matter on which he was utterly astray as to facts. "Whatever made you think so?" I said, much amused. "Well, bless me, I took it for granted it was the case," he said in a bewildered tone, "and now I can scarcely tell what first gave me that impression." I know a wizened and cranky looking man whom I had always in my thoughts dubbed "that old bachelor," and pitied his landlady and his pretty little sister for the infliction of him. One day I had occasion to call at his house, on some collecting escapade, and he had just entered ahead of me. Judge of my amazement to be ushered by the maid into a cosy sitting-room, where my old sour looking bachelor held in his arms the loveliest baby boy, while his pretty little sister stood with her arm flung over his shoulder, and murmured in a sort of triumphant gasp, "Charlie, darling, baby has a tooth." The crusty face was glowing with pride and pleasure and my last illusion was dispelled by the donation of a fiver to my poor fund, because "Ha-ha! the boy has a tooth, madam, ha-ha! Would you like to see it?"

LADY GAY.

A Good Idea.

"If the scions of respectable houses don't stop disgracing their families pretty soon," said the dyer and cleaner, "I am going to put out a new sign like this:

SCUTCHEONS
CLEANED.

Her Speech Betrayed Her.

Swipes (the burglar, coming downstairs)—We've got to slope, Jimmie! Dey's a lady upstairs, an' she hollered at me.

Thuggers—Shucks! Dat ain't no lady; dat's de parrot. Dey ain't nobody at home.

Swipes—You bet your life dat wasn't no parrot. She hollered: "What in Tophet do you want here, you blinkety blank son of a gun!" I reckon I know a lady when I hear her. Dat wasn't no parrot!—*National Tribune.*

Individualities.

Mrs. Ann Walter Thomas, an English lady noted as a linguist, is said to be the best Welsh scholar living.

Isabel F. Hapgood, Tolstoi's translator, has accumulated a fund of nearly $2,500 to be distributed by the philanthropic peasant count.

The Countess of Aberdeen has opened in Glasgow a hospital for women, where they will be attended by women physicians and nurses.

Only one woman of the upper class of Egypt is permitted to see men. She is the widowed Princess Nazal, for whom the Sultan issued an order granting her that privilege.

Miss L. R. Cooke, an English woman holding several medical diplomas, will have charge of the hospital and dispensary for women and children to be opened at Seoul, Corea.

The Duchess Bolognine, of Milan, is about to erect a children's hospital in the suburbs of the city. She obtained the money for the purpose by the sale of her fans, laces and jewels.

Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse will shortly be betrothed to the Princess Marie of Edinburgh, with the full approval of the Queen, and the Emperor of Russia, and the German Emperor.

Queen Marguerite of Italy has promised to lend her unequaled and historical collection of laces for exhibition in the Woman's Building, and has evinced strong personal interest in the exposition.

Miss Kate Sessions, a bright young ex-school teacher who has established a successful conservatory and nursery in San Diego, California, has lately set out fifty young elms in the city park.

Mrs. Lydia A. Dant is the first woman to be admitted to the bar in Florida. The code of ethics excluding women from the profession was almost an iron clad one, but she not only made a dent in it, but went in with it.

Miss Philippa Fawcett, who became famous by taking rank above the senior wrangler at Cambridge, has been appointed on the English Woman's Committee on the World's Fair, to deliver a lecture at Chicago on women's education in England.

Henry Irving likes to tell how, when he was in a Dorsetshire village last summer, he passed a group of children. One of them eyed him so sharply that the actor said: "Well, little girl, do you know me?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "you are one of Beecham's pills." She had seen his face in an advertisement.

I hear from Russia that the Cesarewitch is going to America in June for a stay of a few months. He will look in at Chicago to see how the exhibition is progressing, and will afterwards pay a visit to California and the Pacific coast. The Cesarewitch is disposed to be a bit wild, and is the cause of considerable anxiety to the imperial family. It is to be hoped he will sow his last crop of wild oats over the water.

Ann Eliza, the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, who took to exposing Mormonism on the lecture platform some years ago, has not been much more fortunate in her domestic affairs among the Gentiles than among the Latter-day Saints. She was married to M. R. Denning, a Michigan lumberman, but they have separated. Mrs. Denning is a sweet-faced little woman of middle age, and in conversation and manner is bright, animated, earnest and interesting.

Signora Runa Rosina, the new head of the St. Anna Cloister in Rome, like so many cloister inmates is a woman with a romantic history. A few years ago she was a noted beauty and singer in Naples. In the beginning of the eighties, while on a visit to Casamicciola, she stopped at a well known hotel. During the night-time the walls gave way and many of the guests were buried beneath the ruins. The signora, however, was saved, and out of gratitude for her escape registered a vow to become a nun.

One of the pleasantest episodes in Queen Victoria's sojourn on the Riviera was the audience she gave to three French veterans of the Crimea. Her Majesty chatted cordially with the aged warriors, and was agreeably impressed by the interview, for it awakened "ineffaceable memories" which she has always held dear. Memories such as these are quite in harmony with the Queen's bent of mind, for she is said to derive a melancholy comfort from meditating upon death and nursing her private griefs, which have been intensified of late by the loss of her favorite grandson.

William Grey, ninth Earl of Stamford, owes the possession of a title to the fact that the rightful heir is a mulatto. His uncle, Harry Grey, eighth earl, after a most disreputable life in England, went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he married a negress. This ceremony legitimatized, by the law of the colony, the two sons born out of wedlock. They went to London some months ago, and the elder pressed his claim to the earldom. But the House of Lords, influenced as much by the strains of blood as by the law and the facts, has awarded the title to his cousin, who is entirely white.

Alexander I., King of Servia, is not handsome, but, by the way of compensation, he is said to be one of the most serious-minded princes of his age (he is only sixteen) in Europe. The performances of his father, ex-King Milan, and of his mother, ex-Queen Natalie, to say nothing of the critical situation of his kingdom, would suffice to make him grave if he were given at all to habits of reflection. His only associates are old gray-haired diplomatists and politicians. He never goes out driving save with some aged instructor. He has no young friends, and does not seem to care to have any. He bids fair to distinguish himself as a linguist, if in no other way.

Rosa Bonheur was found by a recent visitor painting in her garden. She wore a rather short black dress covered entirely by a black apron, over which was a dilapidated fur mantle; around her shoulders she had wrapped a green shawl, as it was rather cold. Coarse shoes and an old straw hat completed her costume. Notwithstanding that her *chateau* at Fontainebleau is always frequented by a crowd of artists as well as men of the world, she moves among them in her nonchalant, Bohemian manner, in her careless toilet, always chattering away, now and then smoking a cigarette, and retiring and sitting down to work when she feels like it.

Mike O'Halloran's Death-Bed.

AN INCIDENT IN AN IRISH SETTLEMENT IN ONTARIO.

MIKE O'Halloran lay on his bed with his eyes closed, breathing heavily.

Dr. Thompson, a young practitioner who had lately located in the nearest village, had just left him after giving the information, which he enunciated in grave tones and with a solemn professional shake of the head, that the patient had not many hours to live, and stating the exact time when, in his opinion, all would be over.

Judy, Mike's wife, sat on a low chair by the bedside, rocking herself to and fro, and wailing out her anguish in the following sentences:

"Oh, the Lord help him: Mike to die at eleven o'clock! What's to become of me and the childer? Niver a man to do a hand's turn of work for a bite or sup to put in our mouths. The Lord help us! and niver a cent to buy mournin' wid. Oh wirrasthrue! wirrasthrue! and it 'ill be a widdy's cap I'll have to be wearin'. On to think that I, Judy O'Halloran, should be wearin' a widdy's cap for you, Mike," and she gave a glance at the occupant of the bed, who appeared to be in a stupor, or too far removed from earthly things to give any heed to her remark.

"While Mrs. O'Halloran was thus bemoaning her sad fate, a ragged little boy of about eight summers, who had been commanded to sit on a stool beside the bed to see, as she phrased it, "the last of his poor dyin' father," was attracted from this solemn duty by the antics of a small kitten that had taken up its position under the bed, and from thence at irregular intervals thrust forth a paw, and toyed with the bedquilt, until a considerable portion of the coverlet was slowly conveyed from the form of the dying man to the floor. Whether the boy saw the disastrous termination of this performance if persisted in, or not, it is not necessary to relate; but certain it is that he stayed the downward progress of the coverlet, by producing from a convenient pocket an empty spool to which was attached a string about a yard long; this he slowly drew along the floor, moving his body as little as possible for fear his mother should detect him in this his favorite pastime. Slowly and noiselessly the spool moved under the boy's careful guidance, and was quickly spied by the mischievous kitten, who with one quick bound had seized it, first with her right paw and then with her left, and continued with many a loving pat to roll it hither and thither. This game might have lasted for an indefinite time to the delight of both kitten and boy, had not the slight noise attracted the attention of Mrs. O'Halloran, who exclaimed as she rose hastily and brought down her hand with a heavy thwack on the back of the unfortunate Mickie:

"Take that, ye spalpeen; that can't kape from playin' with the crathur whin yer poor father's a dyin'."

At the same time her gown caught the rocker of the cradle, where slumbered the latest of the O'Halloran's. The sudden jerk wakened the child, which sent forth a piercing cry that for a moment seemed to rouse the dying man, for he slowly opened his eyes and turned them languidly in the direction of his youngest offspring.

"There now, ye spalpeen, see what ye're afther doin'," continued Judy; "ye've awakened the child, the darlint, and she's a cryin', the poor orphan crathur. Take that—you as hasn't a tear for the father that's dyin' afore yer eyes," and as Mickie's ear tingled with the blow a louder and more bass note accompanied the infant's shrill soprano.

At this moment the door slowly opened and a small spare woman entered with a dirty looking brown paper parcel in her hand.

"The Lord save us, Mrs. O'Halloran, but ye're in the trouble, and it's meself that has the feelin' for ye; and sure I've brought ye these to help ye wid the wake," and as she unfolded the parcel disclosed to view three tallow candles. "Sure its meself that knows how to feel for the widdy and the orphan, bein' a widdy meself this foive year come June."

"The Lord bless ye, Mrs. Flin, but it's the good heart ye have," cried Judy, raising her apron to her eyes and sobbing between each word. "The Lord keep ye from ever sufferin' again what I'm sufferin' now. Oh, but Mike was the good husband! Never woman had a bethur! And the docthur says he'll be gone afore mornin'! Oh, wirrasthrue! Wirrasthrue!"

A fresh burst of sobs and tears prevented further utterance. Mrs. Flin drew near the bed and gazed long at the dying man.

"How are ye feelin', Michael?"

A low moan was the only response.

"He's sinkin' lower and lower," said the kind woman, wiping a tear that trickled down her rough, brown cheek. "He'll soon be beyond all trouble, Mrs. O'Halloran; it's going fast he is."

Again the door opened, and a half-grown lad put in a frightened face.

"Mother towld me to be afther lavin' this, and she sed she'd be over the night and see how ye's be doin'," and he laid a parcel on the floor and departed.

Mrs. Flin stepped forward, picked up the parcel, opened it, and laid upon the table half a dozen new pipes and a large plug of tobacco, and turning to Judy, whose grief broke out anew at sight of the friendly offerings, said: "Kape up yer heart, Mrs. O'Halloran; we'll have a dacent wake, anyway."

"The Lord be good to ye, Mrs. Flin, but it's kind ye are; but niver a comfort can the wake bring to me and the childer, the crathurs, that will niver have a father any more. Oh, Mike! Mike! How am I to be livin' widout ye at all?" and the poor woman sank down by the bedside and sobbed bitterly.

It was now growing dark and the children, five in number, had fallen asleep in different places and positions, and all was comparatively still. The dying man moaned, and at times tossed restlessly, and called faintly for water. The women talked in low whispers, interrupted by occasional sobbing. Again the door opened and a man entered bearing in his right hand a large stone jug, which appeared heavy by the effort he made to raise it to the table.

"Why don't you get married?"
"Because if any woman consented to marry me I'd ose my respect for her."—*Life.*

"It's a hard time for ye, Mrs. O'Halloran," he remarked as he took her hand kindly in his, "but niver ye fret, I've brought the little dhrop, and niver ye fear but we'll have the grand wake. Michael was a good neighbor, and never a one will see ye wantin' anythin' for the funeral."

A low moan from the bed attracted his attention and he approached and bent over the dying man.

"Are ye sufferin', Michael?"

O'Halloran's eyes opened slowly and closed again, but he made no reply.

The new-comer placed his mouth close to the sick man's ear and spoke in a loud whisper:

"Would ye like a dhrop of the crathur, Mickie?"

A slight convulsive spasm passed over the face of the dying man, he raised his right hand suddenly and as suddenly dropped it as he murmured almost inaudibly:

"It's too late, Tim," and he sank into a state of apparent unconsciousness.

It was now ten o'clock and the room was fast filling with men and women. The air was oppressive and the dying man breathed more heavily and appeared to be sinking rapidly. There was now a tinkling of sleigh-bells and a sound of crunching snow without. The door again opened and admitted a large, cherry-faced man, neatly dressed in long overcoat, fur cap and driving gloves, as one who had come from a long journey. He looked with some astonishment at the crowd, then passed quickly toward the bed where he was met by Mrs. O'Halloran with:

"The Lord be praised, docther, that ye've come at last!" Then with a shake of her head, "But it's too late, docther, too late! It's dyin' he is. Och hone! Och hone!"

"Surely not. I hope not, Mrs. O'Halloran," said Dr. Rivers hurriedly. "I came as soon as possible—I was not at home when your messenger arrived, but I came as soon as possible," he reiterated anxiously. "I hope he is not as bad as you think, Mrs. O'Halloran. Let me see him," and he approached the bed and looked for a moment at the sick man, felt his pulse, then turning to the assembled neighbors he said: "My good people, you had better all go home and go to bed. O'Halloran will not die to-night. Now off with you all at once and give him breathing room."

The crowd retired, all rejoicing that it was the great doctor's opinion that Michael was not to die, but yet feeling a little disappointed that there would be no wake that night at least.

The medical skill of Dr. Rivers, who lived in the town of D——, ten miles distant, was not to be doubted, and Timothy Doolan slyly stole off with the big jug, winking at his neighbor, Barney Maloney, as he did so, and remarking:

"If there is to be niver a wake, begorra we'll drink to Mike's speedy recovery."

When the room was cleared the doctor turned to his patient and, after making a careful examination, said:

"There's nothing much the matter with you, Michael, only the liver a little out of order. You'll be all right in a day or two."

"Ye don't mane it, docther!" cried Michael excitedly, rising in bed and finding his voice and the use of his limbs in the same moment.

"Ye don't mane it? It isn't hrue?"

"Certainly, my man," said the doctor, "true as that I stand here."

"Then, Judy, if I am not going to die to-night," shouted O'Halloran, "give me me breeches and I'll be getting out of this bed and go and thrash that young spalpeen of a doctor within an inch of his life for makin' the fool of me. Quick, Judy, give me me breeches."

Judy stood speechless for a few moments, then seizing the broom that stood near by, she began to belabor her lately dying spouse most unmercifully, shrieking out in shrill accents as she wielded her novel implement of punishment: "I'll give ye yer breeches ye fool!" and the broom fell heavily on his bare flank as he leaped out of bed.

"I'll give ye yer breeches ye spalpeen!" as she hunted him round the room. "I'll give ye yer breeches ye dirty blaggard ye to be foolin' me a lyin' dyin' there all the day, and me cryin' the eyes out of me and the illegant wake prepared, and all for nothin'. I'll give ye yer breeches ye murderin' villain," and a last heavy thwack fell upon the defenceless Michael as he fled through the door out into the cold night.

"Good gracious!" cried the astonished doctor, who up to this time made no effort to interfere.

"Good gracious! Mrs. O'Halloran, you'll be the death of Michael if you keep him out in the cold without his clothes, you will indeed."

This expostulation somewhat cooled the temper of the irate wife and she opened the door and said more mildly, "Come in ye fool, and go to yer bed," an invitation the shivering Michael gladly accepted. When he was comfortably tucked up in bed and had somewhat recovered from the effect of his extraordinary exertion, the doctor turned to him and said:

"Now, tell me all about this affair, Michael. Who told you that you were going to die to-night?"

"That spalpeen, Dr. Thompson, bad luck to him. I sint for you sure, and whin niver a bit of ye came, Judy, the crathur, got afeard, and she sint for Dr. Thompson, the villain, and he sed I had the spiral-geses and couldn't live till the morning, and to give me a last chance, says he: 'I'll give him five dhrops of croton oil!' says he, and he done that same, the murderin' villain, but I'll be the death of him yet!"

A slight convulsive laugh shook the huge frame of Dr. Rivers; but was instantly suppressed as he thought of his honor and the obligation he was under to save the reputation of a fellow practitioner.

"Why did you not tell me that Dr. Thompson was attending you," he queried irritably, feeling keenly the annoyance of the situation, and the uselessness of trying to cover poor Thompson's blunder.

"Sure and how could I whin I was dyin' every minute, and all for him, the lyin', murderin' villain, that he is! But it's meself will be revinged on him yet. The ignorant omadhaun that he is, that don't know the differ between a liver and a spiral-mangyness. I'll murther him, I will. The could-blooded divil. The——" but here Michael's vocabulary of abuse came to an end.

Dr. Rivers had a long drive home and many times on the way he shook as though convulsed by a miniature earthquake, as his thoughts ran somewhat in the following disjointed strain:

"Poor Thompson—wonderful diagnosis—mistook a bilious headache for cerebro-spinal meningetis and actually administered five drops of croton oil—a dose for a horse. Poor Michael!"

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE (CARIS SIMA).

Foreshadowed.

For Saturday Night.

Long, long before thy gentle face I knew,
Each fair sweet flower that around me grew
Shed forth some faint prophetic that of thee;
Some emblem of the rose God grew for me.

Long, long before I heard thee speak, my love,
Each song-thrill'd warbl'r of the woodland grove
Did hint and whisper in its minstrelsy,
Of some sweet voice that God had tun'd for me.

Long, long before shine eyes of violet hue
Far down my soul their beams of beauty threw,
Heav'n's radiance, falling on the star-pierc'd sea,
Rain'd symbols of the orbs God fit for me.

Long, long before thy form I did behold,
I saw thee shining in the clouds of gold;
A gem, a jewel, floating down to me
From God's pure pearl-case of felicity.

ERNEST E. LEMON.

Her Way.

"Mebbe I'm ugly now, mum, but in me day I have broken a great many hearts."

"Well, Mary, if you handled hearts the way you do my best china, I believe you."

Only That.

Small Boy—Papa, I wish you'd buy me a goat.

Papa—You haven't any harness, or cart, or—

"Don't need none. Us boys is startin' a secret society."

A Wrong Application.

Casey—Begorra, Harty! yez looks like a mashtiff dog rone clane chrazy.

Harty—It wor this way, Jimmy. Ol bought some mustash-raiser an' some dye t' put on it when it kem out, an' Ol'm th' fool's own av Ol didn't put th' dye on foorst an' kill th' roots!

Too Much.

Spinks—Goodno's pretty typewriter has left him. What was the matter?

Binks—She caught him kissing his wife.

Our Heroes.

She (earnestly)—It must be awfully dangerous to be a soldier.

He—It is indeed. The women are always after you.

Maud—She is a woman who has suffered a great deal for her beliefs.

Ethel—Dear me! What are her beliefs?

Maud—She believes that she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 6 foot, and a 23-inch corset on a 30 inch waist.

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

(From the French of Emil Souvestre by C. A. Shaw)

At the period of the emigration, Coblentz seemed to become the refuge of nearly all the French nobility, and the court of Versailles might be said to have been transported to the banks of the Rhine. However portentous might be political events, they were not able to disturb the exiles in their careless life. The remark the noise and movement of this crowd, who had carried into Germany all their native habits of levity, one would have taken Coblentz for a city of amusement, and imagined that there was a reunion here of French gentlemen bent upon pleasure.

However precarious might be, for the most part, their position, and though many were reduced to their last expedients, all preserved a gay exterior, their only wealth, which could not be dissipated by the revolutionary movement. *Fetes* continued to be given as in France, visits were paid, the rights of precedence disputed, and the last coin wagered in play. A roulette table, lately established in a house open to the public, never lost all attraction for the refugees by that deceitful hope of gain of which one dreams but never realizes. Some German noblemen gathered there also, led by example, and the fatal passion for play made each day new conquests in every rank of society.

Among the small number of gentlemen who escaped this general infatuation, there was one who merits particular mention. He was called the chevalier De Roquincourt; and though originally from the south of France, his family had resided for a long time in Alsace, where he was born. In yielding to the necessity which forced him to quit France, the chevalier accepted all the consequences of his exile. The small sum with which he had fled to Germany was placed by him in the hands of a banker worthy of his confidence, and the interest which he received, joined to the money obtained by teaching, permitted him to satisfy his needs and meet with honor his engagements.

This sagacity was at first attributed to avarice by the malevolent, and to mercantile shrewdness by his friends. But when it was seen that the chevalier was enabled to assist, from his slender revenue, the more unfortunate, his esteem succeeded raillery, and he became for the most obtuse a model fit to be imitated, though imitable.

De Roquincourt merited this admiration. In the loss of position and fortune caused by his flight, the revolution had in no wise changed his character; there was always the same equity in his manner of judging men or things; the same sympathy for all that was good; the same pity for suffering which said nothing. He had never concentrated the world into his own personality, nor did he believe all lost because his own class were in difficulties.

"My affairs are not those of the human race," he said, "and they have not fallen into decadence because the chevalier De Roquincourt gives lessons in grammar."

In following out his system of economy, the chevalier lodged in the suburbs at the house of a Jew who rented some furnished apartments at a moderate price. Above him dwelt a young German named Aloisius Barker. He was from Neuwied, where he had been engaged in business in a small way with his mother and young sister; but a fire had suddenly destroyed all that he possessed, and he had come to Coblentz in hopes of collecting some doubtful accounts which would henceforth be all his fortune. Unfortunately his demands had been fruitless, unknown to the manufacturers, and without money to claim justice in the courts, already discouraged by the misfortune which had come upon him, he had not the adventurous nor the force to wring payment from debtors. One put him off, others denied indebtedness; in short, having lost his last hope and spent his last thaler, he had been for some days in a state of despair which nearly deprived him of the hope of salvation.

The chevalier was cognizant of the general state of Barker's affairs; every time they met on the stairs he inquired with interest in regard to them and his expectations; but not having seen him now for a week, he was unaware of the position of actual distress to which the unfortunate young man was reduced.

One day, upon returning from lesson giving, he met Aloisius at the door of the house with the postman, who extended to him a letter. The young man looked at it with eyes dim with tears, but without taking it. The postman seemed undecided.

The chevalier, pausing, saluted Barker by name, and his air of benevolence evidently solicited an explanation of the trouble in which he showed himself involved. Aloisius appeared not to comprehend, but the courier turned toward De Roquincourt and said:

"Since you are acquainted with this gentleman, monsieur, he might perhaps be assisted by you."

"In what manner?" inquired the chevalier quickly.

"It is a little embarrassing," returned the messenger, hesitating. "This letter has come from Neuwied for the gentleman; the postage is a quarter of a silver groschen, and he does not happen to have the amount—with him."

"Say no more," answered the Frenchman, putting his hand in his pocket.

But Aloisius stopped him with a gesture.

"No," said he in a bitter tone. "I have this sum neither upon my person—nor elsewhere. I am not able to repay you, sir."

"That is fortunate, for I owe it to you," said De Roquincourt. "Take it, monsieur. Since the letter comes from Neuwied it must be from your mother or your sister."

He paid the postman, who departed, and handed the letter to Barker. The latter had not the power to thank him, but he opened the letter and rapidly perused it. As he proceeded in his reading his features changed, and upon concluding he uttered a cry.

"Have you received bad news?" asked the chevalier, who had begun to ascend the stairs, but turned at the exclamation made by the young man.

"Ah, this last blow alone was wanting!" stammered Aloisius, raising the letter to his brow with a despairing gesture.

"For heaven's sake, what is it? What do they announce to you?" asked De Roquincourt, descending hastily the steps.

"If you would know," said the young man, with tears choking his voice, "they have sold what remained to my sister and my mother, and they are now without shelter or food."

The chevalier signified his sympathy and surprise.

"And they appeal to me for aid," continued Aloisius, "to me, who had not even the money to pay the postage on this letter! I am without resources and without hope!"

The chevalier attempted to calm him by some kindly words, and invited him to enter his chamber to be interrogated in detail. The distress of the young man rendered it easier to communicative than he had ever been before, and he explained to De Roquincourt how the fire had suddenly destroyed all that the little shop contained, the property of his mother and himself. The loss amounted to twelve hundred thalers, comprising all their fortune, and they had now no means of replacing it.

As Barker entered into these details his despair seemed to be augmented. While picturing the frightful position in which his mother and sister were placed, he seemed himself to see it the more distinctly. He was angry because of his impotence to succor them. He accused heaven, and fell more and more into that wildness of sorrow which is the supreme misery of the unfortunate. De Roquincourt comprehended that all consolation would be useless. What was required at the moment to relieve the stricken heart of Aloisius was reality, not hope.

The chevalier was too poor to come himself to the young man's assistance; the needs of some companions in exile had already decreased his means. What he was able to do was far too trifling a thing to draw Barker from the abyss to the bottom of which he had fallen. It was necessary to have recourse to the generosity of one more opulent. De Roquincourt decided upon the instant what to do. Never having solicited anything for himself, he was the bolder in asking for another; the refusal might pain without humiliating him. He addressed to the young man some last encouraging words, promised to busy himself for him, and took his way to the residence of the Vicomte de Roullac.

Through the assistance of a man of business who, by means of a pretended sale, had preserved De Roullac's property from confiscation, the vicomte enjoyed in exile all the fortune left him by his father. He employed it with a liberality which did not even arouse jealousy. His hand, ever open, resembled those fountains which bestow their waters on all travelers. Never voluntarily refusing any one assistance, none wished his fortune had another possessor; but his extravagant habits frequently interfered with his good intentions. A passionate gambler, M. de Roullac sometimes found himself without a franc. Most important, then, was it to apply to him opportunely, and before his expensive tastes, like a flock of birds, had harvested the golden grain which came to him each month from France.

De Roquincourt knew this, and quickened his steps in the hope of presenting himself in advance of some other solicitor on the road, perhaps, himself; but he was informed at the hotel that the vicomte had not returned since morning, and would be found at the roulette table. Although the chevalier had an especial horror of gambling houses, and had never passed the threshold of one, the circumstances appeared too pressing to allow his repugnance to sway him. If M. de Roullac proved to be in a lucky vein, as often happened, no doubt he would listen favorably to his request. So he hastened to enter the hall where a number of the noble exiles were gathered about the green cloth.

He at once perceived the vicomte, who was engaged in a very spirited game. The golden Fredericks were piled before him in little movable and unstirrable towers that seemed perpetually increased or depleted. When he saw the chevalier he made a gesture of surprise.

"May the Lord pardon me if here is not De Roquincourt!" he exclaimed. "What miracle has led our Cato into this cave?"

"Seeking you," responded the chevalier.

"I'll be with you presently," replied M. de Roullac. "There only remains with me two or three thousand Fredericks."

"Be careful to reserve a few," said the other, in an undertone.

"You have need of them?" said the vicomte. "By heaven, my dear friend, take what you require—"

"Gently!" interrupted a large German, who had placed himself behind M. de Roullac. "It is necessary first that you follow our lead."

"Ah, the deuce! I forgot that Baron d'Arembergt was my partner," observed the Frenchman, laughing. "Well, I will account to you, baron, for what I may take."

"No, no!" the German insisted. "You must not withdraw the money staked. It has had luck. Let the chevalier wait a little."

De Roquincourt bowed in token of consent, and the game continued.

But one might have said that the arrival of the chevalier caused the luck to suddenly change. The vicomte de Roullac, before winning, now began to lose repeatedly, and in less than a quarter of an hour all his Fredericks had departed under the banker's rake.

Though thus despoiled, the vicomte rose without betraying any emotion, excused himself almost with levity to the chevalier, ordered his carriage to be called, and departed.

De Roquincourt had remained in the same place, sad, disappointed, his eyes fixed upon the fatal green cloth which had swallowed up the salvation and consolation of Aloisius. The Baron d'Arembergt had not, however, imitated the prudent retreat of the vicomte, but continued to play with that obstinacy characteristic of races of the north. The game appeared to wish to recompense him for his persistence by an unexpected turn. The heaps of gold became renewed before him, and, as they increased, words were dispensed by the taciturn German.

"I warned you that to withdraw the table money would bring bad luck," said he, turning toward De Roquincourt, who was regarding him with a pensive air. "Merely the intention of the vicomte to take it turned the luck against him."

"Then of course it is useless for me to ask you to accomplish what he was only able to propose!" said the chevalier.

"What! I give the play money!" cried the German.

"It is for a good purpose, baron," urged De Roquincourt. "It is to be used to save one of your compatriots."

"If it was my brother, if it was my father," interrupted the German, "I would not withdraw a Frederick. The table money is sacred; it belongs to the game. You see how the luck continues; every play is successful now."

In fact, a new deposit of gold pieces came to be added to the heaps near the baron. The chevalier could only return a gesture of chagrin, comparing mentally the fortune of the German with that of the vicomte and indignant at the injustice of play.

The baron observed the movement.

"You envy me my good fortune," said he, with the insolent laugh of a successful gamester.

"No, not for myself," responded De Roquincourt, "but only for the unfortunate person that the smallest portion of this gold would succor."

"Ah, that is true!" replied the baron. "I forgot that you were the Saint Vincent de Paul of the refugees. Well, my dear sir, why do you not assault the bank for his benefit? Follow the example, as I do."

"I have always feared to play and avoided it, baron."

"Another reason for trying. You have not drained your luck. One's always fortunate at his start. Come, try an action."

"I have no confidence in the favors of fortune."

"You have never sought them."

"True."

"Therefore it is prejudice."

"Suppose I lose?"

"Suppose you win!"

The chevalier made no answer; but he felt influenced by the baron's words and yet more by sight of the Fredericks, which continued to augment by the winnings of the latter. After all, it sufficed if by good fortune two or three thousand Fredericks, a thaler risked upon the green board might give him in a few minutes the sum required to bring peace to Aloisius.

The temptation was singularly strong, and De Roquincourt instinctively carried his hand to his pocket; but the slender resources of the purse which he felt under his fingers cut short his desire. He recollected that after his last alms to his indigent compatriots he had carefully calculated what remained to him and the least diminution of his resources would destroy the balance established between his revenue and his expenses. For the chevalier's generosity was not unreflective; his wish to oblige did not make him forgetful of duties he owed to himself, and he was not of those who bestow favors at the expense of his creditors.

His hand rested for some time upon the purse which he had encountered. He recalculated his monthly expenses, and convinced of the impossibility of following the baron's advice, sighed.

The baron, observing him, shook his head.

"Ah, well, chevalier," said he, ironically, "what the deuce are you hunting for in your pocket?"

De Roquincourt reddened in spite of himself, and drew abruptly forth a shell snuff box, upon which was a miniature of his mother.

"You are not going to play!" said the baron. "I believed that you were persuaded. What risk is there in exposing some Fredericks?"

De Roquincourt was not able to make a comprehensive reply, so contented himself with a shrug of his shoulders and opened his snuff box. The impertinence of the baron jarred upon his nerves.

"Come," added the other still railing, "since you will deny your fortune, dear chevalier, we will say no more; but give me a pinch of your snuff."

He had extended his hand toward the snuff box of the chevalier, who made a movement toward him. Then a sudden thought crossed his mind. He drew back the box and closed it.

"What!" cried the astonished German who had his hand extended.

"I beg you to pardon me, baron," replied De Roquincourt seriously, "but each has his maxims. Yours prevent you from giving anything from your coins; mine imposes on me the obligation not to look at it."

"How so? Is it a jest?"

"Not at all."

"You refuse me a pinch of snuff?"

"I refuse to give it to you, baron."

"That is to say it must be purchased?"

"If you are willing."

The German gave a shout of laughter.

"Good Lord, this is curious!" he cried, "The chevalier transformed into a tobacco dealer! And how much do you ask, my dear sir?"

"A Frederick, baron."

"A Frederick! Why, that is usurous!"

"It is speculation."

"With a pinch of snuff."

"The subject does not matter. All economists will inform you that the price of a thing depends not alone upon the thing vended, but the circumstances. Have not rate been paid for at their weight in gold in besieged cities? Wandering travelers in the desert of Sahara, would they not give a pearl for a draught of water?"

"And you consider me in an analogous position!"

"Near it, baron, for I saw you just now seeking to gain back your money. And you are not willing to leave your game to seek it. I consider, then, for the moment, that your nose is dependent upon me; and I do not abuse my position, but only use it in demanding of you a Frederick."

"Upon my soul! Give it to me for the curiosity of the thing," laughed the baron.

De Roquincourt immediately extended his snuff box.

"I really made a bargain for one pinch," continued the German, as he plunged his fingers into the box of mother-of-pearl, "but, in faith, my winnings allow me some foolish expenses. I will take two, my dear sir, and here are two gold pieces."

"Leave them upon the cloth," said Roquincourt. "They will be my wager."

"You intend to risk them on a single throw?"

"On a single stroke."

The game was called, and the chevalier won. He immediately drew away three quarters of the stake and risked one Frederick, which he lost; then he staked two, which he lost; he ventured double the sum he had laid out. The same fortune followed him in subsequent combinations against him, but often favorable. He watched each turn with an anxious curiosity which one might have taken for the passion of play. Nevertheless, the heap of gold, the Fredericks which were before him, gathered them into one roll and rose. He had his twelve hundred thalers. Crossing the hall he heard which re-echoed with exclamations, maledictions, cries of rage and a few of joy, he quickly gained the street and then the quarter where he resided.

Night had come. The chevalier, having no fear of observation, drew up the skirts of his habit, the better to hurry through the pools of mud and water which abounded in the suburbs. His heart beat violently at the thought of the delight Aloisius would experience, and he arrived almost breathless from joy and his speed.

Quickly ascending the three flights of stairs, he came to Barker's door. It was closed. He descended to his own apartment, hoping that the young man might have remained there unexpected during his absence. He was about to seek the landlady to ask where Aloisius could be found, when his eye fell upon a letter placed upon his bureau. He looked at the handwriting, which was unknown to him, and then opened it. It was signed by Barker, and contained but the following lines:

"You bade me hope, but I have not the power. God himself has abandoned me. I am not able to assist either my sister or my mother. I even lack the courage to support the sight of their sorrow. Adieu, you who have had pity for me, you who would have succored me if good will could serve in place of means. But Providence resembles man; she assists but the succeeding.

"ALOISIUS BARKER."

This letter overwhelmed the chevalier. It announced a desperate resolution which perhaps there was not time to prevent. He hurried to the rooms of his landlady, which were upon the lower floor, and inquired if she had seen Aloisius. The Jewess affirmed that he had not gone out, and De Roquincourt remounted to the chamber. The door, fastened on the inside, for some time resisted his efforts, but at last yielded. He was arrested at the threshold; the young man was lying upon the floor, his head supported upon one of his hands; a brazier of charcoal burned at his feet.

The chevalier sprang toward him, and raising him in his arms carried him to the head of the stairs, where the landlady had also arrived. The effect of the gas was happily not complete, and by prodigious exertion the young man was recalled to life. Regaining his senses little by little, he gazed about him a glance vague and wandering; then, at sight of the chevalier, all his memory returned. He started up abruptly, clasping his hands with a cry.

"Ah, why have you resuscitated me?" he said brokenly.

"To prove to you that God has not abandoned you," said De Roquincourt, who, while he supported the young man's head with one hand, displayed the roll of Frederick's in the other.

Aloisius appeared struck as by an electric shock.

"It is gold!" he cried.

"There are twelve hundred thalers," replied the chevalier; "just the amount you have lost. Carry them quickly to your mother, and remember, another time, that Providence does not assist those only who are successful."

We need not attempt to paint Barker's joy; there was emotion too strong for words to express. Cured by happiness, he departed the next day for Neuwied, where he re-opened his little store, on the profits of which his sister had sufficed before, and wherein he re-found comfort and peace.

As for De Roquincourt, he returned some years afterward to France. There he recovered a small part of his fortune, enough for one of his simple tastes, and with which he still found means of solacing those more needy than himself; for, as is sometimes said, good will double one's resources, and though only possessing a pinch of snuff, one may yet save a family.

Non Compus.

Strawber—Terrible thing about Spindle, wasn't it? The poor fellow didn't turn up at his own wedding.

Mrs. Strawber—Heavens! What was the matter?

Strawber—He was fool enough to put off the ushers' dinner until the night before the wedding day.

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How It Affects Them.

"What are the alcoholic characteristics of the different nations?"

The sergeant behind the station desk placed his finger upon his mansard brow and pondered. "Alcoholic characteristics," was a new one on him, and he was evidently making a mental excursion through the pages of Webster in search of a synonym.

"In other words, how do they behave themselves after a seance with the wine that is red and the whisky that is redolent of nitric acid."

"Ah," sighed the sergeant, "now I begin to grasp. The Irishman, first, last, and at all times, wants to fight, and the more he drinks after this yearning is first awakened, greater grows his desire to have somebody's gore.

"When he reaches a certain stage—I'm speaking of the longshoreman and that class—he'll run amuck like a Malay who's crazy with arrack.

"When the German gets full he grows morose and bad-tempered and develops suicidal tendencies.

"An Italian who has filled up on three-cent whisky broods over every little wrong, real or imaginary, that has been inflicted upon him, and then sets out to get square on the author of it. Revenge is his ruling passion when the rum gets working in him.

"The Scotchman and the Englishman relieve their enthusiasm by singing, while an inebriated Chinese is in the depths of despair unless he can gamble.

"The American is the quietest of the lot, and, after he realizes that he has gone and done it, gives himself up to considering schemes as to how he's going to square things on the next day."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line for the west and south-west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 23 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

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"PROFESSOR J. LAWRENCE SULLIVAN. Dear Sir,—I would recommend your massage treatment for anyone suffering from insomnia. It put me to sleep at once. Yours truly, "KNOCK DOUBT."

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News.* The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 60c.; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

The Too Enterprising Book Collector.

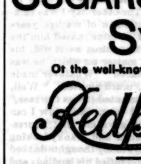
There used to be a book collector in this city, writes our New York correspondent, who was the terror of all who knew him. He was well-to-do and a very learned man, was a great buyer of books and owned a fine library, but nobody else's library was safe if it contained a book he coveted. For a long time his victims did not suspect him. He would call, spend an hour or two among their books and go away. Finally one bibliomaniac, who had suffered most severely, had his suspicions aroused. Even when he dared not entertain them, he went to his lawyer about it. The lawyer had him make out a list of the volumes lost. They were all of extreme rarity and great value. Armed with this list the lawyer called on the suspected man and introduced himself as a collector from the west. He had heard of the gentleman as a bibliophile of extreme taste, and wished to consult him about some books which had been offered him before he concluded upon their purchase or rejection.

"What were the books?" his host asked.

He ran off the titles of several of the stolen volumes.

"Nonsense!" said the host. "Nobody can sell you them; I own the only copies in the country."

Next day the lawyer wrote a letter, which resulted in the restoration of the spoil to its rightful owner. How many rare books belonging to other collectors remain in the collection—for it has never been sold, for obvious reasons—no one can say. At any rate, when this learned bibliophile visited other bibliophiles thereafter they kept their bookcases locked and showed him what he wanted to see volume by volume, making sure to get one back before another is taken. They recognized his perilous mania as an incurable weakness; and while they tolerated him on account of his erudition, they did so as one accepts a necessary evil.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*



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GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" sugar, and find that it yielded 99.86 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,
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THE AUDETTE'S HAIR PROMOTER CLEANSES THE SCALP AND REMOVES DANDRUFF.

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CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

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An Ideal Servant.

John Midley was said to be a rising young lawyer. He married a handsome girl. He found her in the summer time, while he was fishing for trout in Wisconsin. The courtship was brief and, therefore, honeyed with sweetest romance.

"But you will love me always?" she asked of course.

"Until the angels are all dead," he vowed.

"But you will be ashamed of me after a while, I am a plain country girl, and you are a city lawyer."

"That can make no difference, pet."

"But your family is distinguished, while my people are simple farmers."

"Why do you thus persist in arguing against yourself! You have grace and loveliness, and these are the approval stamps of nature's aristocracy."

"But your sister writes novels, and she will despise me. She is known to the high society that reads the magazines, and wouldn't even speak to me."

"Jenny, your sweet lips should never utter such foolish words. Remember that I am not to take you to live with my people, but that we shall set up a little house and keep it ourselves. My sister—and she is a dear girl, if I do say it myself—lives with my father away off in California. Come, pet, do not invite a worrying thought to be the guest of your gentle mind."

Well, they began housekeeping in a new flat on Prairie avenue. Ah, and then arose the great bugbear of household government—the servant girl question. Hilda came first. She handed in a list of the privileges and then took charge of the place. John Midley had been accustomed to club life, and naturally rebelled against the queenship infringement of a servant; so Hilda had to go. John appealed to that cold nest of robbery, the female employment office. The mistress of the establishment received his dollar and—failed to send him a girl. Then he advertised, and the very first interest awakened by the advertisement was a postal card from the mistress of the cold nest of robbery. "I have a number of girls on hand," she said. John went to the office.

"Look here," said he, "if you've got a number of girls on hand, why don't you send me one?"

"A dollar, please," the mistress of the cold nest answered.

"What! I gave you a dollar the other day."

"Is that so? Well, as soon as I get a girl I will send her."

In the meantime, Jenny was wearing herself out with kitchen work. At evening, when John came home, she did not spring towards him like a delighted child. She would kiss him with languid affection, and then proceed to put the dishes on the table.

"Have you read the books I brought you, dear?"

"No; I have been too busy."

"By the way, do you want to go to the theater to-night?"

"I am too tired."

Maud came after a while, and the tired little wife sat down to rest. What a comfort it was to lie in bed at morning with no thought of necessity of cooking breakfast staring her in the face. The rich red of love came back to her lips, and passion's bright fondness laughed in her dark eyes. Maud was a jewel. She should always have a home. Jenny gave her a dress, and raised her wages, and then Maud left. She said that her sister, who had just married a man at the stockyards, didn't want her to work out. Maud was not accustomed to working out. It was only by accident that she had ever done any work at all.

The drudgery again fell upon the young wife. She did not complain, but she was really unable to do such toilsome labor.

"It makes me mad," she said one morning at breakfast, "to read of the oppression of the laboring classes. Why isn't something said about the hardship of wives? Those good-for-nothing servant girls, I wish I could wring the neck of every one of them. Talk to me about oppression! The more you do for the wretched creatures the worse they are.

"We may get back out of a good one after a while, Jenny.

"Yes, and I may be so completely broken down after a while that I'll not need one. If it were not for your love I couldn't—couldn't——"

"There now, dear, don't cry. I know how hard a time you have, but it will be all right after a while. I'm going to put an advertisement in the paper to day and keep it standing until we get the very girl we want. Will you be home early this afternoon. This is Thursday, and girls out of employment always buy Thursday afternoon's paper."

The next morning, just at breakfast time, a girl came. She was pleasant-looking, and, better still, was of strong mould.

"If I should give you employment do you think that you could make up your mind to stay with me?" Jenny asked.

"I think so, ma'am."

"What is your name?"

"Sallie, ma'am."

"Where did you work last?"

"On the north side, ma'am."

"Why did you leave?"

"The people moved to the country, ma'am."

"Did your mistress give you a recommendation?"

"A character, do you mean, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"She did, ma'am, and here it is."

Mrs. Midley took the paper, read it, returned it to the girl and said:

"Very good, and no doubt you deserve it. When can you go to work?"

"At once, ma'am."

The mornings were pleasant and the evenings delightful. It seemed to Jenny that she had been suddenly transferred to another life. Every household care had been taken off her mind, and her hands had been entirely freed from labor. She read books and magazines; she again took up the study of music, and at evening, when John approached his home, the entrancing "pleasings" of a waltz floated out to greet him.

"I suppose you are still satisfied with Sallie?" John remarked one night.

"Oh, I am more and more delighted with her."

"She undoubtedly does her work well, but she doesn't strike me as being very intelligent."

"She is intelligent enough to do her work, and that's all I care for. Get an intelligent girl and she wants to read all the time. That good-for-nothing Maud used to snatch the evening paper as soon as it came, and didn't so much as think of giving me a chance to look at it. Just so long as Sallie does her work well, she shall have a home under my roof, and a girl that doesn't attend to her business isn't worthy of a home at all."

"If this girl should, after a while, show the natural tendencies of the average servant, we will break up housekeeping and board until the breed improves. We cannot afford to give up our lives to a ceaseless worry. I had servant puts indigestion in her bread, and where indigestion prevails there is no brightness."

"You are surely a philosopher, John, but don't you think there's a way to make a servant to the proper end? I mean that by a certain treatment she may be brought to feel an interest in us. I don't mean that she should really be made one of the family, but I do think that some little attention ought to be paid her. I notice that you never speak to Sallie, and I don't think that this is altogether right. Interest begets interest."

"That idea works well in theory, my dear, but in fact it works so ill that you might call it a complete failure. In Europe, servants are servants and not 'help,' as we hypercritically term them. Take in a 'help,' and she becomes an adviser, and, progressing in this, seeks to be a ruler. Let us know our place, and from us let Sallie learn to know hers."

That was a practical suggestion; but the next morning, when the wife glanced through the partly opened door of her bed-room, she saw Sallie putting the dishes on the breakfast table; she saw more than this—she saw John step up, place his hand on Sallie's shoulder, and kiss her.

A few moments later John stepped to the door and said: "Come, dear, breakfast is ready."

"I don't want any breakfast," she sobbed.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked, entering the room. He found her partly dressed, lying across the bed. "Are you ill?" he asked, bending over her.

She turned her face from him.

"Why, dear, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered, with forced carelessness.

"Then why do you act this way? Come, let's eat breakfast. I'm in a hurry to get down to the office."

"I told you that I didn't want any breakfast," she coldly replied.

"Now, look here, Jenny, what have I done that you should treat me this way?"

"Please go away and let me alone."

"Oh, come now, dear, don't act this way. We were getting along so well, and I had thought——"

"You hadn't thought anything about me."

"Yes, I think of you all the time. Come, let us go to breakfast."

"I won't."

"All right. If you are determined to be cross, have your own way; but I want to tell you it's a bad start. Good morning."

Shortly after he left the house the wife went into the kitchen.

"Sallie," she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I don't want you any longer."

"What! don't want me any longer? What have I done to displease you?"

"That has nothing to do with it. It is enough to know that I don't want you any longer."

"No, it isn't enough, ma'am. I have a contract for a month and you can't break it. If you do, I'll have the Woman's Protective Society down on you and then there will be a scandal."

"When will your month be up?"

"A week from to-morrow."

"Well, see that you get out promptly at that time."

"I will, ma'am."

John was worried all day. His business seemed to have gone wrong, and at noon, when he went out to luncheon, he found that his appetite had left him. "The philosopher who said that no man understands a woman was right," he mused. "I thought Jenny was the gentlest and most consistent creature in the world, but I was wrong. But perhaps she will be all right in the evening."

On his way home he bought a bunch of violets, her favorite flower. No pleasings of a waltz floated out to greet him, and Jenny did not welcome him at the door. She was sitting on a sofa looking far away through the window when he entered the sitting-room.

"Dear, I have brought you some violets."

"Thank you," she said, taking the flowers and carelessly tossing them on to a chair.

He sat down beside her. "Do you feel any better?" he asked.

"No."

"I am sorry."

"Indeed," she replied, looking up in surprise.

"Oh, now, here, what's the use of going on this way? I have been miserable all day over your treatment of me this morning, and I can't put up with such folly much longer. If I have displeased you in any way, why don't you tell me?"

"Displeased me?" she said bitterly. "You must think I'm a fool."

"I used to think you were the most charming and sweetest creature in the world, but I must say that I am compelled to change my opinion."

"And what must I do?" she exclaimed. "I thought you were true and noble, but—but—" she hid her face and sobbed.

"Jenny, Jenny, don't go on this way. You'll drive me crazy. If I've done anything to offend you, tell me what it is. Don't go on this way; the servant might see you."

"Servant!" she scornfully repeated. "I wish she was dead, and I too, for that matter."

He got up and stood looking at her. "If you have arrived at that conclusion, this married life is pretty well up with us. I will not live with a woman who, through hatred of me, wishes herself dead. You may go home tomorrow."

"I will go when I please, sir, without any instructions from you."

"Ah; you'd better go to-night then."

"Shut up, and don't talk to me."

Then he raved. "He had not expected to live to see the day when his wife—his wife whom he had worshipped—would tell him to shut up. If he was weaker than he would go down to the lake and jump in, but, being strong, he would live a life of misery."

"I don't care what you do," she replied.

"Of course you don't, but I have more heart than you. A man always has more heart than a woman. Yes, I care what you do. I hope that when you go home you may resume your appearance of innocent and happy girlhood, and when the divorce has been granted, you may marry some wheelbarrow farmer's boy and again settle down to blissful wedded life. Select one of proper ignorance and necessary humility, and your pathway will be smooth; but if ever he should show any spirit of manhood, crush it as you have attempted to crush mine. There was a likelihood of my becoming a great man. Judge Brown said in public that I was the most promising young lawyer in the State; and I used to dream of the United States Senate, and a life of usefulness to my country; but all that is gone now."

"And why is it all gone?" she asked, looking up with flashing eyes. "I will tell you. It is all gone because you have acted the brute; you pretended to love me, to be a true man, but I have discovered that you are a heartless wretch."

"What do you mean by having discovered that I am a heartless wretch? What have I done?"

"You insult me!" she cried. "Didn't I see you kiss that servant girl?"

He staggered back and then laughed. "Come here," he called to Sallie, who had just appeared at the door. He took the girl by the hand, and leading her forward, said, "Jenny, this is my sister. She wanted to write a realistic servant girl story, and——

"Oh, John!"

"There, now, don't cry. I did not put the advertisement in the paper," he went on, holding his wife in his arms, "but sent my sister, who had just arrived, and who declared she must enter my house a servant."

"Dinner is ready," said "Sallie," laughing.—*Mrs. Schuberth in Tit-Bits.*

A Slight Error.

He came into the counting-room and left an advertisement which read:

"Ten lady typewriters wanted; state wages. Apply by letter to A. B. & Co."

Then he went out and four days later he came back.

"What's the matter with the paper?" he asked the clerk.

"Nothing that I know of."

"Did you put that ad. of mine in?"

"Of course, didn't you see it?"

"No, I haven't had time to look it up, but I haven't had a single reply. Are you sure you put it in?"

The clerk got down the file and turned to the "wants."

"There it is," he said, whirling the paper around so the advertiser could see it.

He read it over carefully and his face lighted up.

"No wonder I didn't get any answers," he said curtly.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clerk, hauling it around before him.

"Read it," commanded the advertiser, and the clerk read:

"Ten lady typewriters wanted; state ages. Apply by letter to A. B. & Co.

The clerk apologized, made the correction, and next day the advertiser received ninety-nine replies, and they are still coming.

For Tired Brain

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit and ultimate recovery followed."

Baby Sue.

About three miles from town I overtook a woman carrying a heavy bundle in her arms. She was barefooted, wore a man's straw hat, and it was easy enough to identify her as a mountaineer's wife. I drew my horse down to a walk and offered to take the bundle on the saddle before me.

"It's Baby Sue," she said, as she passed it up.

"Ah! a baby. Well, I'll be careful of her. How old is she?"

"Gwine on two years."

"She's pretty heavy for such a long walk."

"I've dun walked over ten miles with her already, but I felt I had to do it. Jim, he's a-waitin' further."

"And who's Jim?"

"My man, sah. They's dun got him in jail fur moonshinin, and the Lawd only knows when he'll be free. I jest knowed he'd near die if he couldn't hev one last look at Sue."

The child was wrapped up in a faded old shawl and had a veil over her face. She lay like a log in my arms, and, I supposed, sound asleep. I had carried her a mile or more before I raised the veil to get a peep at her face. One glance told me that she was dead.

"Why, woman, your baby is dead!" I exclaimed, as I made the discovery.

"Yes, sah; dun died last night," she replied.

"And you—you—"

"I'se got to take her to the jail and let Jim see her. Pore old Jim! He dun loved baby Sue like his own life. He'd never forgive me if he didn't see her afore she was buried."

She wiped the tears away as she walked alongside the horse, looking up now and then at the bundle in my arms, and we didn't speak again until we reached the jail. Then she took the little dead body from my hands, tenderly kissed the white, cold face, and said:

"Lawd bless ye, stranger, fur yer kindness! Jim's in yere, and when he sees baby Sue I reckon he won't care no mo' what they do with him. Pore Sue! Pore old Jim!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Tale of Two Cities.

Miss Beskunhill—Oh, yes, New York is not without its attractions, but in my mind of all the cities in the Union, Boston comes the nearest to perfection.

Miss Gotham—On the principle that extremes meet?

In a Day.

Mrs. J. Ringland, Kincade St., Brockville, Ont., says: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without a bottle."

A Promising Young Financier.

Little Agnes—You're a pig, Harry. You only gave me a quarter of the apple!

Her Brother (sarcastically)—May be you want a receiver appointed! Ain't you satisfied with a 25 per cent. dividend?

Hygienic Water.

A new domestic beverage which is becoming daily more and more popular. Water as often used with food is very unhealthy. But even when good, too much should not be taken, as there is danger of colic, which makes one regret not having been abstemious. However, it is necessary to drink at times, and when the weather is very warm the more one drinks the more one wants to drink, without being able to quench thirst. We plead for Adams's beverage easily made, and which cost next to nothing, one which quenches the thirst without producing any unpleasant results; on the contrary, it makes a very healthy drink, and one which will save you much in the way of doctor's bills.

To every three or four pints of cold water, steep for a short while before drinking, a teaspoonful of the Indigenous Bitters. These Bitters (if the genuine, and not an imitation) contain roots of a warming nature which render the water harmless.

A 25c. packet of the Indigenous Bitters will thus give you several hundred drinks, agreeable to the taste, and much more healthful than pure water, as instead of injuring they stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels and strengthen the stomach, especially when used regularly.

She Didn't Need It.

Music Teacher—One—two—three; one—two—three; rest.

Miss Newrich (taking her first lesson)—Oh, I'm not tired, perfesser! I could keep this up all day.

Books and Magazines.

The Comic Cookery Book, or "the dyspeptics' guide to the grave," is undoubtedly what it purports to be and is calculated to heartily stir one's affections up against indigestion. For sale by James Bain & Son at 25 cents a copy.

Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun, one of the greatest of American inventors, explains in the June *Cosmopolitan* how it is possible to walk and fire without a recoil, and a flying machine which will travel through the air at the rate of 100 miles per hour; this without the aid of any gas.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphology study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not write every other week. 3. Do not time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 4. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 5. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ENOCH THOMAS.—The writing is excellent. Will constant and strong, generously, cautious, some ideality and rather a calm and even temperament are shown.

CONSTANT READER.—This specimen of much greater excellence in this writing than it now displays. It is not characteristic enough for a satisfactory delineation.

TIME.—You are honest, rather idealistic, able to keep a secret, constant in effort, rather erratic in temper, but kind-hearted and generous; prejudice sometimes mars your judgment.

DAVID GARRICK.—This is a clever and self-reliant person with firm opinions, tenacity of purpose, love of social entertainment, a keeper and keeper of money, a good reputation and deservedly popular, of rather frank speech and orderly habits.

GYP, A. C.—Your writing, though strong, is singularly inartistic. It shows ill-considered action, great determination, lack of tact and sympathy, but rather strong self-satisfaction. You are sometimes careless and rather offhand and hasty, lacking refinement and culture.

ROSE AND THORN.—I am glad you and your friends were satisfied with the correctness of the delineation. Your writing does not show hope in any way, though it has noble courage; I do not think, judging from it, your friendship would be well worth striving for. Let me hear from you again.

T. A. M. (Montreal)—You are sympathetic, kind, erratic and rather impatient and quick-tempered. A very strong vein of despondency runs through your nature. You are constant and sensible in your affections, sociable but prudent, rather matter-of-fact than romantic, and very persevering. Thanks for your kindly words about the paper. I am glad to read them.

G. H. K.—You are careful, slightly temperamental, clever but not particularly tactful, have good sequence of ideas and a well controlled mind. You will be sincere, and your honesty and pride of the higher order; at the same time you are capricious, lacking in hope and buoyancy, and though persevering, practical and able you are often dissatisfied with the course of events in general.

TRAFALGAR.—This writing is very characteristic. It shows frankness, sociability, tenacity, persistency, some temper, extreme constancy in effort, generosity and a will which, if somewhat uncontrollable, has much admirable strength and power. Specimen of letters are not studied. I have had to make this an invariable rule, to avoid being swamped by the mass of clipping from the various friends of this column.

KING SOLOMON—1. I think you would probably enjoy David Copperfield, or Old Curiosity Shop the best. 2. What an absurd question. Do I think it proper for a girl of eighteen to have a chum? Of course I think it proper for the girl who had not a good many. If you mean do I think it proper for a girl to allow any female friend of the opposite sex to monopolize her society, I don't. I think the girl who allows it is either very soft and silly, or has no one else to relieve the monotony. 3. I don't see why a girl should not be independent, jolly and proud all at once. Why do you make three classes out of these beauties? 4. Just as it is spelled. 5. Your writing is very lacking in finish and refinement, in fact, just the style that would suit such very silly questions as the one in your letter. It shows much immaturity, caprice, lack of tact and sympathy, and though honest and well meaning, very commonplace.

ARTISTS' CANVAS

It is a very important matter to an artist that all his materials are of the very best quality. First, because the work is more easily accomplished, and second, because of its durability.

We are sole agents for the "PFLEGER" patent stretcher (no iron), the only really first-class stretcher in the market. It is the BEST and CHEAPEST, therefore in every way demanding intelligent attention.

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TORONTO.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing it and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

"AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION."
ADAMS' PEPSIN Tutti-Frutti.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE | DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the Blood, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.
BY ALL CHEMISTS

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.
ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK
CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

The Irish of It.

Nealy (from below)—Mike!

Ducey (from above)—What!

Nealy—Have yez a bit av shiring? Th' cover's aff yure dinner-pail, an' a dog might ate yure grub.

Ducey—G'lang! an' dean' be axin' favors o' me phin yez refused me a bit o' tobacky an hour agone.—*Judge.*

Music.

ON Tuesday evening the Ladies' Choral Club repeated its success of a month ago, this time in aid of St. John's Hospital. When I say that it repeated its success, I mean that the successful singing was repeated, not the large audience, for unfortunately the latter feature was notable for its absence. Somehow, there is a difference in the public rags for an entertainment, when on one occasion you can attend it for that elastic consideration, a silver collection, and when it is repeated for fifty cents, with a quarter extra for reserved seats. The public does not hanker after the show quite so much in the latter event. On Tuesday Miss Hillary's young ladies sang excellently, led by Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. Glass, and Mrs. Drechsler Adamson played her violin solo even better than on the original occasion. Miss Hillary added to the general pleasure by giving an excellent rendition of The Meeting of the Waters, and Mrs. Blight, as usual, played excellent accompaniments.

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On the same evening the young ladies of the Whitby Ladies' College gave an entertainment at the Normal School to a large and demonstrative audience. An excellent programme was well rendered under the charge of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the musical director of the institution. The pianists were Misses Reid, Wright, Decker, Young, Morris, L. Moore, Morrison, and G. Taylor, for whose success Mr. Harrison was responsible as teacher. Mr. John Bayley presented Miss Wilson, a young violinist; Mrs. Bradley showed Miss B. Dewart, Miss Acheson, Miss Groove, Miss Wilson, Miss Drew, Miss A. Ross, and Miss G. Taylor. The elocutionists were Misses Kent, Acheson and Tait, prepared by Miss Graham.

•

That same hot evening took me to another large gathering of people who had assembled at the Pavilion to take in the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution. The musical feature of this entertainment was the singing of Mr. Harold Jarvis, who sang Tom Bowling, I'll Sing thee Songs of Araby, and Mary Grey. He was not in his usual good voice, showing as he did the effects of a cold. A specially praiseworthy incident was furnished by the splendid accompaniments played by Miss H. A. Shipe.

•

The West End is showing itself well up to the times in choir matters. Mrs. L. Wilson has succeeded in getting together an exceedingly well trained choir in the Church of the Epiphany, who gave a most acceptable rendering of Stainer's Daughter of Jairus. The soloists were Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Hick, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Abbott and Messrs. R. Moon, R. Persse and E. C. Davies, with organ solos by Mr. E. W. Phillips.

•

Mr. Warrington's fine choir at the Sherbourne street Methodist church gave a very good concert on Monday evening, when Miss Maggie Barr-Fenwick, Mr. Warrington, Mr. T. A. Blakeley and Master Bertie Plant were the soloists, assisted by Mr. Owen A. Smily.

•

Miss Lilli Kleiser, a young mezzo-soprano with an exceptionally sympathetic voice and expressive rendition, who has been for two seasons a member of the choir of the Church of the Redeemer, has been engaged at the Broadway Tabernacle to sing a solo every Sunday evening until September next.

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On Monday evening next Mr. Edward Lloyd will sing again in Toronto, this time at the Metropolitan church, where he will have an opportunity to shine in his distinctive *genre*, oratorio music. Mr. Torrington will augment his choir for the occasion and some fine music may be expected.

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The following evening will see the *debut* of a new aspirant for public favor, the Toronto Orchestral School, organized by Mr. F. H. Torrington. The laudable character of this young institution will at once be recognized when it is said that all young players of musical instruments are received free into its fold, and it is intended to eventually provide free instruction in the branches comprised in the orchestra. The good resulting from a persistent following out of such a policy and its hearty support by the public can hardly be estimated. Toronto has now grown to be an educational center in music of no mean dimensions, its music students now being counted by thousands, and however great their progress may be the study of orchestral instruments cannot but be both fostered and benefited by the early participation in purely orchestral work, a study quite individual, even after mere personal proficiency has been acquired. The young people who are thus brought face to face with the practical aim of their study will eventually develop into the material out of which a permanent orchestra may be constructed. On all grounds the establishment of this school is to be liberally supported by all of our music-lovers.

•

This brings me to what seems to be a burning question in musical circles, the festival orchestra. I am sorry to see that the gentleman who signs himself Matter-of-Fact has again written a rather intemperate letter to a daily paper, in which he contrasts the playing of the Philharmonic orchestra with that of the Damrosch band. I think all who wish for the ultimate good of music in Toronto will agree with me that all such letters which contain strong opinions forcibly expressed would be much better if signed by the proper name of the writer. If his opinions are entitled to respect, owing to his standing in the musical world, they will be duly honored; if not, personal jealousy and malice will meet with its due reward. It is quite evident that "Matter-of-Fact" is a dis-gruntled grumbler, yet the mischief such an one can do, especially if, as in this case, he is a clever writer, is great, as the world is always ready to listen to an emphatic kicker, unless he is known, and when known, recognized as one who has at some time been left out in the cold. A comparison between the orchestra which played at the Philharmonic Society's concerts and the Damrosch orchestra, is silly. The latter has been on the road for weeks and has on its tour been playing only two programmes. Small wonder if such a body of men—men of extreme individual excellence, under a fine conductor, playing the same music night after night, should play better than our people, who possess only comparatively mediocre talent, and who have to be brought to their rehearsals almost by process of law. Yet only the most determined grumbler and grudging critic could refuse to give proper praise to the really excellent work done under Mr. Torrington two weeks ago.

•

There is, of course, a practical side to the question, and that is the engagement of an orchestra at the proposed festival. I have in previous issues of SATURDAY NIGHT spoken with no uncertain sound as to the desirability of engaging one of the standard American orchestras for the festival. Yet, I am free to confess that my opinion has been very much shaken by the excellent work Mr. Torrington has accomplished this season. The execution and *ensemble* of the orchestra was much better than I can remember it to have been before, and was so good as to lead us to hope that a really good festival orchestra might not be outside of the realm of possibility. I think that it is quite likely that Mr. Torrington may have benefited by the correspondence that has been going on, and that he sacrificed his naturally ardent temperament to the necessities of care in shading and expression, yet I also think that he must make up his mind to do even more of this in the future to satisfy all who, while they are friendly to him and his aspirations, are yet desirous of seeing the best that is in us brought out before the public.

•

Granting this, and insisting upon it, I feel that if at all possible, such an concept upon the ambition and encouragement of our resident musicians as the engagement of a foreign orchestra should be avoided. The preparation of the work incident to a festival entails upon the orchestra an amount of work which if stringently watched and directed will do the men great good, as well as add a little to their earnings, all of which will promote good effort and good feeling. One point that must enter into the consideration of the question is that of expense. To engage say the Damrosch orchestra for three concerts would cost about $6,000, without making combined rehearsals of chorus and orchestra possible. Should this be found indispensable, more money—$2,000 additional—will be required. Now, how much will this $8,000 item contribute in the way of increased receipts to the general success? Certainly not so much as its greater expense, to my way of thinking.

•

On the other hand, if business-like arrangements are made with our own musicians and some from neighboring cities, arrangements sufficiently liberal to ensure a properly frequent attendance at rehearsals, good work can be done under Mr. Torrington, for I am sure a that he feels to-day, in the present juncture of matters, that he is put on his mettle and must show the best that is in him, and stand or fall by his results. One principal difficulty is to secure the attendance of the players at the rehearsals, and in this respect the instrumentalists frequently stand in their own light. They are negligent as to rehearsals, and faults in performance are charged to the conductor in many instances instead of to the executants, with the result of clamor for outside orchestras. If a local orchestra is organized for the festival, these gentlemen must mend their ways, and—the conductor must be more particular than he has ever been before.

•

All things considered, if the festival committee will vote the funds necessary to secure proper and efficient rehearsals for the orchestra, I am in favor of the work being done locally, but this condition is paramount. If "Matter-of-Fact" wants a festival here whose chief feature shall be beautiful orchestral work, he is, I fancy, at liberty to organize one on his own account and he would, in that case, earn the grateful plaudits of an admiring public. Meantime it would not be a bad thing for the festival committee to take some action in the premises, rather than follow out their intention of waiting until September before it moves.

METRONOME.

My Girl.

For Saturday Night.

There's a pretty maid I know,
Blue eyes and golden hair,
With a smiling face and a tender grace,
That to me are beyond compare.
From the rose of her pouting lips,
To the pink of her dainty feet,
In her course divine there's a charm sublime,
For the pride of a goddess meet.

When the golden springtime comes,
With its sunlight and its song,
I love to ride or walk by her side,
The shady lanes along.
'Mid the perfume of springing flowers,
And the hum of the busy bee,
I tell her again that old, old refrain
Of how dear she is to me.

When smiles come to her lips,
With their ripples of laughter free,
My longing lips, like the bee that sips,
Seek to carry their sweetness to me.
When the sad tears come to her eyes,
With their message of pride and love,
The exquisite bliss of that stolen kiss,
Must be envied by angels above.

Then I pray in my trusting heart,
That her future be bright and fair,
That no load may rest on her tender breast,
No sorrow may enter there.
May my arm be ever strong,
And my heart be stout and true,
With my darling's smile to ever beguile
And nerve me life's battle through.

HENRI S. SULLY.

Paderewski and the Hackman.

An interesting story is told of Paderewski when on his way to play one afternoon at Baltimore. Shortly before reaching the city he left the train to buy some fruit, and chancing to find a friendly Pole in the vendor of the stuff, stopped to talk, and when he returned to the station found the train gone. He was perplexed to know what to do, as he was entirely unacquainted with that locality, and besides knew what a tempest would be raging when his agent failed to find him on the train. Glancing about the station he caught the eye of a hackman standing near by, who immediately accosted him with:

"Carriage, sir?"

"Yes, if you will drive me immediately to Baltimore without delay."

The hackman whistled. "To Baltimore! Why, sir, that is fully fifteen miles!"

"Never mind; I must be there for a concert. Are you willing to whip your horses? This, of course, in broken English.

The hackman grinned as he eyed his two sorry specimens. "Oh, they can stand it. But where to, sir?"

At this the great artist looked puzzled. "Why, I don't really remember." Then, brightening up. "Oh, I know, the opera house."

"But there are eight or ten, sir. Which one?"

"Well, drive to a music store and find out, but don't stand there talking."

The man whipped up his horses, but the roads were poor, and it was some time before they reached the city.

Arriving at the music store the hackman got out and marching in demanded: "There's a gent as wants to know where that piano man is going to play—Paddyeski or something."

"Paderewski! Oh, that concert is just around the corner at — opera house. But it's half over by this time, and you can tell your gent it's hardly worth while going now." Then, taking down one of the huge photographs of the Chrysanthemum Hall, he handed the window to the boy waiting, "Here, Bill, this can come down as the tickets are all sold."

At sight of the photograph, the hackman stopped short and exclaimed: "And is it him as is going to play? Why, he's my gent in the carriage!"—and rushing out he drove frantically to the place designated, fortunately in time to prevent the audience from dispersing.

As Paderewski hurriedly paid him his money, the man hesitated and then said, awkwardly, "Please, sir, I like a tune with the best of them. Could I make so bold as to hear you play?"

The kindly face of the great artist beamed upon him in assent, and they went into the hall together side by side. It is needless to say that there was not one of the vast audience so generally astonished and delighted by what he heard that afternoon as was Paderewski's hackman.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Turning the Tables.

An Illinois sheriff was noted for his activity in looking up unlicensed peddlers. Taking his walk abroad one day, he came across an old fellow whom he at once concluded was an illegal tender, and inquired if he had got anything to sell.

"Have I got anything to sell, squire?" was the response. "Guess I have got black tacking that will make them old cowhide boots of yourn shine so that you can shave in them. Got razors, too, an article you want, I should say, by the look of your beard. Got Balm of Columby, too, only a dollar a bottle, good for the hair, and assisting poor human nature."

The sheriff bought a bottle of Balm of Columbia, and then desired to see the Yankee's license for peddling.

The document was produced, examined, pronounced genuine, and handed back to the old man.

"I don't know now that I care for this stuff," said the disappointed official. "What will you give for it."

"Wa'al," answered the peddler, "I don't want it, squire; but seeing it's you, I'll give you thirty-seven cents for it."

The sheriff passed him the bottle and pocketed the money, when the peddler said:

"I say, I guess I have something to ask you now. Have you got a peddler's license about you?"

"No," said the sheriff, "I haven't any use for one myself."

"Wa'al, I guess we will see about that pretty soon," replied the Yankee. "If I understand the law, sheriff, it's a clear case that you've been trading and peddling Balm of Columby on the highway, and I shall inform on you."

Thus he turned the tables; and the sheriff was duly fined for peddling without a license.

Seasonable.

"What was the longest tennis game on record? Do you know?"

"I'll give it up."

"Go and read your Bible, and you will find that Jacob served seven years for Rachel."

A Little Off.

Teacher—What is the meaning of the word "contiguous?"

Pupil—Dunno.

Teacher—It means "touching." Give an example of a sentence containing the word.

Pupil (after a prolonged mental struggle)—The "Babes in the Wood" is a very contiguous story.

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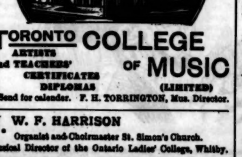

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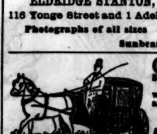

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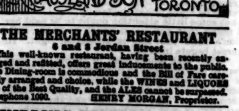

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

elegant costumes were worn by Toronto ladies and visitors from American and Canadian cities. Among the prettiest forms and faces I remarked: Miss Benson, in blue and white delaine with pale blue collar and black lace hat; Mrs. Crowther, in black and gold; Miss Josie Gooderham, in fawn and white with mauve hat; Mrs. Merritt, in fawn *crepon*, with Irish lace and green velvet; Mrs. W. H. Merritt, wore a turquoise blue gown, postillion back, edged with jet guimpe; Mrs. Perry Beatty, fawn cloth; Mrs. John Wright, mauve and white gown; Miss Sybil Seymour, yellow silk and daffodil *chapeau*; Mrs. Chas. Ritchie wore a Worth gown of blue-gray cloth, bordered with black feather edging, and black hat; the Misses Beatty wore Russian blouse costumes, in dainty silk and cream-brown cloth; Miss Arthurs wore a perfect gown of striped silk with vest and corselet of Irish lace; Mrs. McAndrew wore pink *crepon* with a very stylish black chip hat and pink feathers; Miss Flossie Taylor wore lilac and white delaine with lilac ribbons and pretty lilac hat; Mrs. Duggan wore a trim white serge with a salmon-colored hat; Miss Cochrane, a very striking red and black gown; Mrs. Campbell of the Park wore a rich changeable silk; Mrs. Armstrong, lavender and black; Mrs. Neville, old rose silk and black hat; Miss Bunting wore white, barred lightly with fawn. The four-in-hands were on time with their stylish company, and a good many smart carriages stood in the members' yard. Mr. Brock and Mr. Harry Brock drove out about four o'clock. Apart from the races (which were fine, particularly the steeple chase), the pleasant outing, the merry crowd, the kaleidoscopic view of many-hued gowns and smiling faces were well worth going five miles to contemplate, and no one who spent Saturday last at the Woodbine regretted it, except, perhaps, the unlucky wights who came home with light pockets and heavy hearts. But "things like these you know, must be, at every famous victory."

•

Mrs. Edward Farrar and Miss Belle Hornibrook sailed for Ireland last week, via the Allan line.

•

A very stylish and interesting wedding took place last Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Maud Rutherford and Mr. Charles Pipon of the Molson's Bank were married at the paternal residence of the bride, Jarvis street. The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Toronto performed the ceremony. Miss Rutherford wore a magnificent gown of silver brocade, with upper sleeves and bodice of white silk; the gown was cut in a severely plain style, the richness of the material not being suited to trimming, and the peculiar grace and elegance of the train was a marked feature of a lovely gown; the customary veil covered the shimmering beauty of the costume, and a dainty wreath of orange blossoms adorned the bride's fair head. The maid of honor, Miss Amy Rutherford, sister of the bride, was dressed in mauve *crepon* with a silken sash of the same shade, a large picture hat wreathed with lilacs. After the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Pipon left for Europe. The wedding gown, which will no doubt evoke many a sigh of admiration at some swell ball during the coming season, was made and designed under the artistic supervision of Stitt and his well known clever modistes.

•

Madame Coutellier has gone to Paris for the summer. She sailed from Quebec to-day.

•

Mr. J. Kerr has gone to reside in New York.

•

Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Towers gave a delightful tea last Tuesday afternoon.

•

Mr. Walter Stewart is spending his holidays in Banff.

•

Mrs. George T. Denison is At Home this afternoon at Heydon Villa, Dovercourt road. No doubt a great many stylish carriages will roll down the pretty wooded drive which leads to Colonel Denison's handsome residence.

•

Mrs. Arthurs of Spadina gave a lovely garden party on Monday afternoon, at which about a hundred of Toronto's most stylish folk assembled. The beautiful grounds were bright with spring verdure and handsome costumes, and the guests enjoyed the charming hospitality of Mrs. Arthurs in the most delightful surroundings possible.

•

Mrs. Patriache of 249 College street has removed to her summer cottage at St. Andrew's-on-the-Lake, Center Island.

•

Mr. Colin Gordon is living at Mead's, Center Island.

•

Mr. George Kerr of the Bank of Montreal left on Tuesday for New York, where he will reside during the summer.

•

Mrs. Kerr of Sherbourne street is visiting her brother, Mr. C. D. Paul of New York.

•

A party of Toronto ladies intend starting for a trip to Europe on the 29th of this month. Among the travelers are the Misses Herbert Mason and Miss Josie Gooderham.

•

Mr. McLean of the Bank of Montreal is away on a fishing excursion.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson and Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Stephenson's mother, of Montreal, have been visiting for some weeks in Toronto.

•

Mr. Bourlier paid a flying visit to New York last week with his nephew from England, who has been visiting in Toronto.

•

Mr. James Robertson and family have gone to their new house at Center Island for the summer.

•

Miss Street of Avenue road has gone for a sketching tour through Niagara district.

•

Mr. Alfred Denison has gone to Mead's, Center Island, for several weeks.

•

A quiet but pretty wedding took place Wednesday morning at All Saints' church, where Mr. John J. Dixon, son of Mr. John Dixon of Jarvis street, was married to Miss Annie N. Duggan, only daughter of Mr. Joseph Duggan of Woodbine Hall. The happy couple left on the noon train for Boston and the Eastern States.

•

Mrs. Coulson of Beverley street gave a pretty afternoon tea to her friends on Thursday.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour were prevented from attending the Victoria Club ball owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Armour's father. Their absence was felt and remarked by many friends.

•

Miss Grier, principal of the Toronto Church School, is At Home this afternoon from four to seven.

•

Dr. Andrew Smith, 311 Jarvis street, gave an elegant dinner party to the members of the O. J. C. on Friday evening, May 27. Among those present were: Mr. Wm. Hendrie, President O. J. C., Hon. Frank Smith, Vice-President O. J. C., Col. Cotton of Kingston, Major Mead, Mr. Torrance, Mr. T. A. L. Strathy, Mr. Colin Campbell and Mr. Davis of Montreal, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Mr. W. Christie, Mr. Tompkins Washington.

•

Burlington Beach last Saturday afternoon was crowded with a gay throng, the occasion being the opening of the new yacht club house, which is of most artistic and comfortable design. Commodore and Mrs. Sanford, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, received their many guests on the first balcony. There was dancing in the large reception room upstairs, while those of the gentlemen who felt inclined bowled and smoked downstairs.

•

Mrs. Jenness-Miller is spending a few days with friends in the city.

•

The Rev. Principal Caven reached home on Saturday, May 23, greatly restored in health after visiting the Holy Land. He was met in Palestine by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, his daughter and her husband, who have been in the mission field in India and will spend their year of furlough in Canada. A reception was given the travelers on Wednesday evening by the congregation of St. James' square Presbyterian church.

•

Mr. George Michie sailed from Liverpool for Quebec on May 25.

•

The Ontario Ladies' College held a recital on Tuesday evening in the Normal School. The pretty theater was crowded with guests, most of whom it was evident took a special interest

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.

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Leaves HILLOP'S WHARF, foot of Yonge Street at 8.40 p.m., arriving at Port Dalhousie at 9 p.m., in time for outgoing trains. Returning, leaves St. Catharines, Norris' Wharf, at 9 a.m.; Port Dalhousie, 9.40 a.m., calling at piers, arriving in Toronto at 11.51 a.m. For dispatch and Low Rates ship by this line. Cheap Excursion Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2 p.m. Saturday tickets, good until Monday, 75c. Special rates to Moonlight and other excursion parties. For tickets (Iously Hotels a specialty) and full information apply at Robinson & Heath's, 65 Yonge Street; Hillop's Office, foot of Yonge Street; G. P. R. Office, Board of Trade, and on the Board.

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The Newest Rain Cloaks

THE LARGEST STOCK TO CHOOSE FROM

R. WALKER & SONS

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

in the performers. The young ladies acquitted themselves well and looked charming in their pretty gowns. Among those in the audience were: Mr. and Mrs. George Cox, Mrs. and the Misses G. W. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Dewart, Dr. and Mrs. Kirkland, and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Harrison.

•

Mrs. Henry and Miss Helena Cawthra were presented at the Drawing Room on May 16, when Her Majesty was represented by the Princess Christian.

•

Mr. A. T. Fulton is lying seriously ill at Carlyle, England. His many friends will be sorry to hear that fears are entertained for his recovery.

•

Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor and family sailed from Southampton by the North German Lloyd steamer Lhahn, on May 25, for New York, and reached Toronto Friday, June 3.

•

The Pavilion was crowded on Tuesday evening with a fashionable audience on the occasion of the closing exercises of the Toronto School of Elocution. The principal, Prof. S. H. Clark, is to be congratulated on the effective work done by his pupils. The tableaux at the end of the programme were particularly striking and pretty. Certainly if the grace displayed is a product of the Delsarte system we would all wish to be disciples.

•

Miss Marge and Mr. John Thompson sailed from Liverpool on May 25.

•

In accordance with the request of many ladies and gentlemen the Victoria Club gave last night a promenade concert and dance. It proved a pleasant echo of the one given a week ago and described above.

•

The Misses Mathewson of Denver, Col., are visiting Mrs. O'Regan, 324 Wellesley street.

•

All the youth and beauty of Berlin and Waterloo were to be found at the spacious residence of Mrs. Erb on Thursday evening, May 19. The occasion was an At Home given by Mrs. Erb, which, needless to say, was a most successful and enjoyable event. An excellent orchestra discoursed delightful music, and dance followed dance in quick succession until the wee sma' hours. Among the invited guests were: Miss Priestman, Miss Annie King and Mr. F. W. Ireland of Toronto; Misses Reid, Miller and Failure of Galt; Mr. Travers and Miss Farley of St. Thomas; Miss F. Fralick of Picton, Mrs. E. B. Erbe of Buffalo, Mr. Snead, Mr. Buchanan and the Misses Hunsicker of Montreal, and Mr. McDougal of New York.

•

Mrs. Travers' delightful *musicale* on last Saturday afternoon was also largely attended. It was given for Miss Farley of St. Thomas.

•

Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, the well known Canadian artist and naturalist, returned from Paris after two years' residence, where he has already received that coveted recognition of a place on the line at the *salon*. He left for the North-West on Wednesday to fill some important commissions received while abroad. Mr. Thompson returns to Paris in October.

•

Mr. A. C. Williamson, another Canadian who has won laurels abroad, has also returned from Paris. His picture of Brollet interior was favorably noticed and accorded a place of honor at the *salon*. Mr. Williamson's specialty is what is known as the "impressionistic" school. Another year or so of French training, however, might have been advantageous, as his work, while showing decided marks of genius, is yet somewhat crude.

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Ice Cream Soda
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

THOMPSON—May 30, Mrs. T. Kennard Thompson—a daughter.
BLAKE—May 28, Mrs. E. F. Blake—a son.
McCUAIG—May 30, Mrs. (Rev.) A. J. McCuaig—a son.
CUTHBERTSON—May 24, Mrs. (Dr.) C. R. Cuthbertson—a daughter.
ROBERTSON—May 24, Mrs. Frank Robertson—a daughter.
CLARKE—May 27, Mrs. Fred Clarke—a son.
ELGIE—May 15, Mrs. F. G. Egie—a son.
DENISON—May 31, Mrs. (Capt.) R. A. Denison—a daughter.
DUGGAN—May 27, Mrs. J. M. Duggan—a son.
SECORD—May 29, Mrs. R. E. Secord—a daughter.

Marriages.

WILSON—GRAY—At the residence of Samuel J. Gamble, Esq., Port Hope, Ont., on May 30th, by the Rev. J. R. Newell, Robert Henry McInnes Wilson of China Hall, Stratford, son of Robert Reid Wilson of Saginaw, Mich., to Lois Florence, daughter of the late Nutting Gray, Esq., of Peterborough, Ont.
DIXON—DUGGAN—At All Saints' Church, by Rev. Arthur Baldwin, John J. Dixon to Annie E. Duggan, daughter of James Duggan of the Woodbine.
MacGILLVRAY—CAMPBELL—May 26, Dr. John McGillvray to Annie Gray Campbell.
SCOTT—HOOD—May 26, Rev. T. R. Scott to Marion Hood.
ORMISTON—ASHTON—May 25, W. G. Ormiston to Mary E. Ashton.
LINTON—McGREGOR—May 24, Rev. A. R. Linton to Josie McGregor.
McMONIES—JOB—May 25, Geo. J. McMonies to Phillis Job.
GAULD—DUGGAN—May 25, John Gauld to Emma Duggan.
PIPON—RUTHERFORD—June 1, Charles Ashworth Pipon to Maude Mary Rutherford.
BERTHON—McCARTHY—June 1, Augustus M. Berthon to Mary McCarthy.
JOB—EASTERBROOK—June 1, J. Rendel Job to Ella J. Easterbrook.
DYMENT—CHAPMAN—June 1, Albert E. Dyment to Francis Edith Chapman.
WALLIS—SCULLY—June 1, Frank John Wallis to Charlotte Scully.

Deaths.

WARREN—May 27, Robert Grant Warren.
TORRENS—May 28, Mrs. Charles Torrens, aged 42.
STEWART—May 30, Mrs. Charles B. Stewart, aged 53.
HENDERSON—May 30, Hubert Henderson, aged 14.
EBBELS—May 30, John Leyden Ebbels, aged 60.
WOOD—May 28, Mrs. George Wood, aged 82.
DOAN—May 25, David W. Doan, aged 54.
RUTHERFORD—May 27, Mrs. J. W. Rutherford.
CURTIS—May 26, John Curtis, aged 74.
HUNTER—May 24, Hugh Hunter, aged 85.
SCOTT—May 28, Walter Meggeson Scott, aged 41.
TORRENS—May 29, Mrs. James Torrens, aged 41.
FRENCH—May 22, James French, aged 76.
MACKENZIE—May 25, Mary Mackenzie.
PATERSON—May 24, Henry Cyril Paterson, aged six days.
WILSON—May 24, Agnes Margaret Wilson, aged 22.
FOLEY—May 24, William Foley, aged 57.
JONES—May 21, George B. Jones, aged 25.
CARROLL—May 28, John B. Carroll, aged 38.
YOUMANS—May 31, John Brereton Youmans.
FURDY—May 31, Mrs. Margaret Furdy.
MARTIN—May 31, James Max Martin, aged 6.
MacPHERSON—May 31, Hilda Louise MacPherson, aged 2.
SMART—May 31, William Lynn Smart, aged 68.
NICHOLSON—June 1, William J. Nicholson, aged 13.
KYLE—June 1, Sarah Kyle, aged 64.
SCHOFIELD—June 1, Annie Marie Schofield, aged 7.

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A choice selection of the latest novelties in
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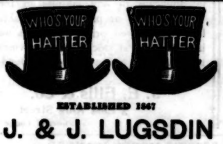

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As Good as New
At Very Great Reductions in Price

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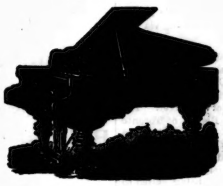

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